"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."—Macauley.

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

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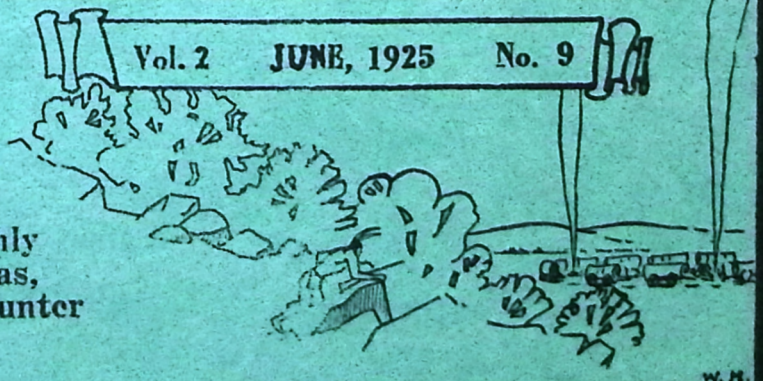

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Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 9. **JUNE, 1925.** **$1.50 Per Year**

Fight With Indians at Loving's Ranch

R. S. Purdy, Cement Oklahoma, in Dallas News, 1904.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the early part of July, 1874, that a party of four horsemen may have been seen riding across the prairie in what is now Archer County, Texas. Their course was nearly north toward a streak of timber that bordered the west fork of the Trinity River. Their dress and accounterments showed them to be Texas Rangers, and a scout from Company B of the frontier battalion stationed in Young County. They were on their way to meet another scout from company C, stationed in Clay County. It was the custom for each county to send out a patrol or scout, to meet at some appointed place about half way between each company and camp together for the night, returning to their respective company the next day, and by this means the round between each company was examined each day and if an Indian trail was discovered going into the settlement it was reported at camp and a force of rangers sent after them. By this means the trail was followed into the settlement and the Indians were nearly always caught before they could get back across Red River to their homes, where the rangers were not allowed to follow.

About sunset the party of horsemen reached the timber, and selecting a good camping place for the night staked or hobbled their horses out on the grass which grew in abundance, and prepared to make themselves comfortable for the night. They did not have to wait long before they were joined by the patrol from Company C and then supper was prepared. In this way each man carried a quart cup to make coffee in. Each man had a small piece of bacon. If they did not have bacon they would kill game and broil it over the fire. For bread they had biscuit cooked at camp. After supper guards were put around the horses and the balance of the boys told stories or would sing songs until bed time, when they spread their blankets, taking their saddles for pillows, and slept until time to change guards, which was done every two hours through the night, and when day came they saddled their horses, and were on their way to the company.

When emerging from the timber on to the prairie they saw thirty-five or forty Indians about a hundred yards away in their war paint going into the settlements to steal horses and get all the scalps they could, of course. This took the boys by surprise for a few minutes, but they soon had their carbines, which was the old reliable Sharps, ready for use, and fired a few shots into the Indians, when the Indians fell back just over the brow of a small ridge and returned the fire, hitting Laman's horse in the hip and another in the leg, but not so bad as to disable them. The Rangers, thinking there were more Indians than they wanted to tackle, retreated into the timber, made a detour and coming out on the prairie a few miles farther east each party struck out in double quick time for their respective companies. The Rangers from Company B reached camp, which was then at Old Fort Murry on the Brazos River above Belknap, and reported the Indians going in, and it was but a few minutes until a squad of about forty Rangers was in the saddle and on the move to intercept the Indians if possible before they could reach the settlement and do any damage, and as the Indians were traveling southeast we took a course a little north of east, for the writer was in the squad, and Jim Boyd of Boyd's Mills in the eastern part of Wise County, was in command. Jim White was acting as pilot. We struck the trail not far from the Jack County line, and followed them into Lost Valley, where we found a beef which the Indians

had killed and had taken what they wanted. After killing the beef they scattered and we lost the trail. It had been very hot all day, but was now about noon and a cloud coming up. The air became a little cooler and we repaired to a hole of water surrounded by a grove of elm and oak timber, and were eating a cold dinner when it commenced raining and we got under the shelter of the trees until the shower was over, when we remounted and continued our hunt for the lost trail, working our way toward Loving's ranch, about two miles below where we ate dinner, and on the west side of Cameron Creek, which runs through the valley from the south to the north, emptying into the West Fork. The ranch was on the west side of the valley and near the foot of the mountains which were covered with timber, and the beef pen was some two hundred yards from the ranch on the southwest and extended along the foot of the hills and longer than they were wide. It was prairie between the ranch and the beef pens with a few scattering post oak trees, which was a good shade to camp under. Loving and lot of his cowboys, with a lot of cowboys from other ranches, were camped under these trees eating their dinner. Their horses, about forty or fifty in number, were grazing some hundred yards from the cowboys when a large party of Indians dashed in between the cowboys and horses, whooping and yelling and attempting to stampede the horses, and it was but a moment until so troublesome the cowboys always kept a few horses saddled and either tied or staked close by. Each cowboy carried a Winchester and one or two six-shooters, and when Loving saw the Indians and saw them trying to stampede the horses he called to the boys to mount and save the horses, and it as but a moment until they were in the saddle giving the Indians a good battle, driving them back into the hills, and saved the horses.

In the bunch of cowboys were Ira Cooper and John Heath, and they both did good fighting, and when the fight was over they retired to the shade of a large post oak tree to watch for the return of the Indians. Ira had dismounted and was standing by the side of Heath, who was still in the saddle peering through the limbs of the tree, when they saw an Indian in war paint with what they took to be an old Kentucky full stock rifle, come out of the timber at the southwest end of the beef pens and putting the gun across the corner of the fence took deliberate aim at Heath, but as the distance was so great they thought there was no danger of hitting either of them. But as the report of the rifle died away Heath was seen to reel in the saddle and as he fell, pierced through the center of the forehead, Ira caught him as he fell and they carried him to the ranch, but he only lived a few minutes. and it was but a short time after the fight that we reached the ranch, but too late to participate in the fight, as it took place just as it commenced raining and consequently just as we were eating our dinner. This was on the 8th or 10th of July. I have forgotten which. This was the same bunch of Indians the boys encountered on the head of the West Fork in Archer County, and as they were in the timber and hills and scattered we could not find the trail. So we went back to camp, passing by Flat Top Mountain. When we reached Salt Creek we found our company had moved farther east and reached camp about sun-up on the morning of July 12.

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An Inn of Frontier Days

By Miss Esther Mueller, Fredericksburg, Texas.

Tourists passing over the three mile long Main Street of Fredericksburg, are attracted by a quaint, old building, an Inn, the front of which is built like a steam boat. If their inquiries are made of the right person they will be told enthusiastically, "That's the Nimitz Hotel! It was planned by a retired sea captain. The hotel is older than the Civil War. General Lee stopped there sometimes. They still have his bed."

Fredericksourg had been settled but a few years when Chas. Nimitz, father of the present proprietor, realized the need for a tavern in that section of the state. In 1852 he began the erection of the Nimitz Hotel. The rock for the building was found near Fredericksburg, but the lumber was hauled by ox teams with great labor and expense from Indianola, which was then the leading sea port of Texas. The Hotel was built in two parts. On one side were the sleeping quarters and the dining hall, and on the other side was a saloon. Between the two, a spacious, rock inclosed court yard, where horses were refreshed at the well and stabled for the night. The high rock wall, which is still standing was a necessary protection against the Indians and horse thieves.

The main street of Fredericksburg was even then a part of the San Antonio-El Paso Road. The stage coaches stopped regularly at Nimitz hotel, so that drivers might refresh themselves and horses might be changed. Mule teams and army wagons, which passed over the San Antonio-El Paso road, also stopped at Nimitz Hotel.

Army officers from Fort Concho, Fort McKavett, Fort Mason, and Fort Martin Scott made their headquarters here. They dashed up to the entrance of the hotel, and after they had registered, entered the saloon to drink beer and smoke, or perhaps gamble. The early registers show among the officers the names of General Longstreet, Gen. E. Kirby Smith and Gen. Phil Sheridan. Often, though gentlemen were accompanied by servants and drivers. Directions in the registers frequently say, "Beer for servants and drivers."

Shortly before the Civil War, Robert E. Lee, U S. Army, was stationed at Fort Martin Scott, two and one half miles from Fredericksburg. Although there is no positive record that Lee stayed at Nimitz Hotel over night we are ceratin that he frequently stopped at the hotel to have supper, or to meet other officers. When Lee was called away, never to return to Fredericksburg, his household effects were auctioned off. Colonel Nimitz bought among other things, a dining table of solid black walnut and the bed which belonged to Lee. These relics of the South's beloved general are still in the hotel.

Owns Many Rare Relics.

W. G. Mulkey, of Quanah, is owner of a rare collection of early-day articles of household furniture, such as was used by the pioneers, which he grouped together for exhibition at the county fair last year, in conjunction with an old-time negro plantation scene.

The collection of relics included fire-arms, a spinning-wheel, wooden churn, cedar pail and gourd, fireplace, chairs, benches and various other articles, each of which has a history. A candle mould used during the Civil War at Waxahachie by S. H. Mulkey, the owner's father, and a wooden bread tray brought from Alabama by the family of Joe Sheffield when they came to Texas. The plantation scenes contains relics of negro cabins, an old rail fence, a well with a sweep attached, a wooden sorghum mill, such as was used during the Civil War, and still set under a hillside. The collection possesses rare historic value, and attracted much attention. Mr. Mulkey has been engaged in collecting the relics for a period of twenty-five years. He settled at Quanah in 1888, coming from Denton County, and at different periods prior to that resident at Dallas, Waxahachie and Fort Worth. He was in Dallas before it had a railroad, and when he arrived in Quanah the railroad had just been completed, and there was little besides a few stores, a postoffice and a railroad depot to mark the twonsite.

Friendly Indians of the Trinity River

W. Richardson, in Texas Almanac, 1860.

On compliance with your request, I send for your Texas Almanac a description of the friendly Indians of Trinity river. It is, I believe, not generally known, that in the very heart of Texas, surrounded by our settlements, there are some four hundred Indians, cultivating the arts of peace, sustaining themselves and their families in comfort and happiness by their own labors, and enjoying the friendship and confidence of the whites around them. They are branches of the Creek nation, who, early in the present century, withdrew from the contest with our race as hopeless, and sought a home or near Trinity river in Texas, then under the Mexican government. When imimgration into Texas brought the Americans again around them, they persisted in their peaceful policy, receiving their former foes with kindness and hospitality, sharing provisions with them, and doing all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of settlers in a new country. In the war with Mexico they adhered to the cause of Texas, remaining quietly in their villages, ready to take up arms with the rest of the population, if the Mexican army should cross the Trinity. Since our revolution they have pursued the same steadfast policy of peace, abstaining from all offense, doing everything in their power to conciliate the whites, appealing trustfully when oppressed to their friends whom they have made by their own good conduct, thankful for justice when they could obtain it, and submitting patiently to wrong when told there was no redress.

They are principally Coashattas and Alabamas, with some few Muscogees. They speak three different languages, all evidently dialects of the Creek, and most of them understand the Mobile tongue, or Servile Choctaw, which, like the French in Europe, was the universal language among the different tribes, and their usual means of communication with the whites.

Their loyalty to our race, and their peaceful resolutions, have sometimes been severely tried. The base and unprincipled hafe plundered them for their stock and crops, because they were Indians, and it was supposed therefore they could be robbed with impunity. Appealing to the senseless prejudices against the name of Indians, combinations have been attempted, by those whose cupidity was excited by the display of their honestly acquired wealth, to break them up and drive them from their villages for the purpose of plundering and sharing their property with impunity. All well meaning citizens have been drawn into such combinations by the occasional and unfortunate crime of a single refractory Indian, though in such cases the tribe has always given up to the offender for punishment, and offered every atonement in their power. But public opinion, which in the main rarely errs, has sustained them. The feeling which is every day becoming stronger, that so long as they abstain from all offense to the whites, and discharge every duty to the best of their ability, there is no reason why they should not be allowed to breathe the air and remain on the soil of a country to which they have a right prior to our own; that their being Indians should not deprive them of the priviledge of supporting themselves and their families by honest labor, and of enjoying the fruits of their own industry; and that so long as they give up offenders against our law, no code of justice would allow us to punish the innocent for the guilty. Apart from these intuitive principles of right, which must prevail in every civilized community, there is among all who reflect, and who understand the Indian character, a firm conviction that, harmless and amiable as these people now are, serving and aiding the whites and adding to the production and wealth of the country, yet they might be forced to resistance by wrong and oppression; and that if driven, starving and desperate, and with murdered relatives to revenge, into our thickets and canebreaks where the white man could not follow them, they are still numerous enough to renew here all of the horrors of the Florida war, to desolate the country for a quarter of a century, and cost the government hundreds of thousands of dollars to exterminate them.

The Legislature of Texas has taken them under its protection, extending to them a liberal and judicious assistance. An agency has usually been kept up for their benefit, and appropriations have been made at different times to purchase a tract of land for the Alabamas, and another for the Coashattas. The tract for the Alabamas has been bought and they are settled on it, have good clearings and improvements, and are doing extremely well, having abundant stocks of hogs, horses, and cattle, and making crops sufficient for their support. The tract for the Coashattas has not yet been bought. They are living partly with the Alabamas and partly on land which is private property, the owner of which does not intend to disturb them. They, too, have good stocks, excellent fields well enclosed, and are making fine crops. The Muscogees mostly reside with the last named Coashattas.

Living thus under the protection and care of the Texas government, sustained by the friendship and kind feelings of all the respectable white population, having every inducement to labor and full potection for the fruits of their industry, free from the demoralizing effect of money annuities which tempt to only dissipation, and by giving a temporary immunity from work, create a distaste for it—these Indians are, perhaps, in a more flourishing and happy condition than any of their race now left.

Their crops are cultivated for their own use, rather than for sale. Indian corn is the principal, though many of them plant sweet potatoes, and all of them vegetables, and they usually fill their villages with fruit trees. During the season of cultivation they remain closely at home, working industriously, and hunting only at such leisure times as their crops allow them. The interval between the working and gathering their crops is usually spent in rest and social intercourse, and occasional hunting. But when everything is gathered and housed and the last crevice of their granaries is closed to exclude light and air as a guard against weavil, then comes the return to Indian life and enjoyment. They break up into hunting parties, after the Arab fashion, taking with them their wives and children, their horses and tents, and household utensils. They seek the wild pine forests which our settlements have not yet reached, and wofk their way into the dense cane brakes on the rivers which the white men have not yet penetrated. They soon fill their camps with game and, alone with themselves and nature, and safe from the intrusion of a superior and conquering race, they enjoy the realization of Indian life as it was before the white man discovered their country. Devoted to the wild and exciting sports of the chase, keenly alive to all the beauties of nature, and reveling in that absolute freedom which is their ruling passion, they find in these hunting excursions their times of greatest enjoyment. When weary of the chase, or satisfied with its results, they return to their villages, their horses loaded with dry meat, deer skins to be dressed for market, and bears' oil in skins after the patriarchal fashion, for their own use or for sale. These excursions occupy their time until the season comes for repairing their fences and making other preparations for their crops, when they all return home cheerful and contented, to begin the routine of another year.

They are a very happy people. Whether this be owing to their constitutional organization, or to their innate philosophy which teaches them to extract from life all the enjoyment they can, or to their exemption from the cares and anxieties, the strifes and ambitions of civilization, or to consciousness of a faithful discharge of all of their duties and the reflection back on themselves, and from one to the other of the happinesses which they try to dispense to all around them—to whatever cause it may be ascribed, there is no doubt of the fact that they enjoy life more than we do. There is an atmosphere of happiness and kind and social feeling around them which is irresistable in its effect on all who come within its influence. This may explain what has been thought so remarkable, that one who has associated with Indians long enough to assimilate himself to them and understand them thoroughly, is rarely willing to leave them and return to civilized life.

Like other Indians, they have that fatal passion for ardent spirits which, by the inscruptable ways of providence, seems destined to be their extermination. But, with them, it is kept within reasonable bounds. They do not drink habit-

ually. A constitutional depression of spirits, to which they are peculiarly subject, or an overflow of social feeling on the reunion of friends returning from their hunting excursions, usually leads to a beginning, which is genreally unpremediated. One after another is drawn in and the revel sometimes extends to two or three days and nights. When it is over they carefull efface all trace of debauchery, dress themselves handsomely, return to their usual avocations, and for a long time drink nothing intoxicating. They listen with patience and good humor to remonstrances on the subject, and a friend can often dissuade them from drinking or induce them to close a revel sooner than they otherwise would.

They have a wild, irregular code of duelling of their own, and are always ready to throw away life on a point of honor. They do it with a coolness and indifference which would excite the envy of a white duelist. In fact, they do not seem to feel that instinctive dread of death which make the white man shrink from speaking of or even naming it. They speak of it with as much indifference as any other future event, and meet it apparently without fear or reluctance.

When their own crops are worked to a point of safety they are willing to help their white friends. At plantations where they are kindly treated and where they find it agreeable to stay, they work for low wages. During the season of cotton picking they really give us important aid. This is their favorite work. Their small hands and slender fingers are well adapted to it, and their lithe and agile forms glide through the cotton without breaking or otherwise injuring it. As they pick by weight and are allowed to choose their own time of work, this leaves them the freedom of action which they prize so highly. They pick very neatly and carefully, attend strictly to the instructions of their employers, and in this, as in all their relations with the whites who treat them kindly, they are uniformly desirous to please.

So docile and amiable do they seen, so willing to conform to their change of circumstances, so confiding in the whites who have protected them, and so anxious to retain their friendship that one can hardly realize they belong to the same race which, at a distance of only a few hundred miles, is devastating our frontier with the horrors of savage war. The contemplation and comparison of the two pictures might be suggestive to those to whom we have intrusted the powers of government which place the destiny of both races in their hands.

These Indians—living apart in their own villages in this sparsely settled country, isolating themselves as they carefully do from other races, preserving their own languages, habits, manners and dress, and giving free scope to every natural impulse and feeling—are a little world within themselves, almost exhibiting to us the aborigines, as they were before the country was discovered by our race, and affording an opportunity of learning the true Indian character, which perhaps may never occur again. I have had peculiar advantages for observing and studying them, from speaking their language, meeting them in daily association, mixing in their conversation without reserve, joining in and aiding them to pursue their own trains of thought, and, above all, have been so fortunate as to gain their kindest feelings and their unlimited confidence. In justice to their race I shall record my opinion of them, leaving others to give what faith to it they please

My observations have led me to the conclusion that the essential difference of the Indian character from that of other races is a highly poetical temperament, connected with, or perhaps proceeding from, a delicate organization and acute sensibility. To this one source may be traced all their distinguishing characteristics; their reckless generosity and indifference to the future, their eloquence of language, their strong feelings, their high sense of honor, their devoted attachments, and their implacable resentments, their distaste for confinement, and continued application to any pursuit, their capacity to endure intense exertion under mental excitement, followed by long periods of reaction and even their greatest and most fatal fault, intoxication. It is rare, as I have said, to find habitual drunkards among them. They say that there are times when they feel that they must have ardent spirits, when they will go any distance and sacrifice anything they have, for it. Except when laboring under this mental and physical depres-

sion and this irresistable necessity for stimulants, or when tempted into drinking by the glow of feeling produced by such social reunions of friends as I have mentioned, they are indifferent to intoxicating liquor, do not seek it or keep it about them and mostly refuse it.

In many respects I have found them exactly the reverse of what they are usually represented. They are said to be stern, gloomy and reserved A gayer and franker and more warm-hearted people I have never met with. Their cheerfulness is irrepressible, their fun and humor inexhaustable; and they seem to be overflowing with social feeling and kind and generous impulses. When these feelings are checked and repelled, and they know they are appreciated or understood, as is usually the case when they are in the company of the whites, they become gloomy, reserved and silent. The exception has been taken for the general rule.

They are said to be false and treacherous. This is the case with some of them who have mixed much with the whites. They justify it by saying they are obliged to meet the white man with his own weapons. But the pure Indian, ho speaks only his own language and associates only with his own people, is usually the soul of honor, truth, and loyalty.

They are said to be cold, selfish, unfeeling and hard hearted. They are generous, sympathetic, and self-sacrificing to excess. Everything is shared with those who are in want; they devote themselves, without reserve to the service of the sick, watch over and attend to aged and infirm parents with untiring affection and when children are left orphans and destitute there is usually a contest to asume the charge of them, instead of an effort to evade it. Their hospitality is unlimited.

Their style of speaking and conversation has been represented as absurdly figurative, obscured by far-fetched and labored metaphors, almost amounting to talking by riddles and parables. On the contrary it is beautifully clear and directly to the point. Their languages are highly poetical but they use only the most simple and natural metaphors, and such as seem to seek the speaker, instead of being sought by him. The truest specimen of Indian style I know of in literature is Logan's speech, as preserved by Jefferson. Its authenticity has been questioned, but it could never be doubted by one well acquainted with Indian character. On one can have been much among them without having noticed this same intensity of feeling, and power of language in expressing it, and without having heard similar if not equal bursts of wild, unpremediated eloquence.

They are peculiarly accessible to the influence of kindness. To one from whom they have uniformly received it and in whose truth and justice that have confidence, they will yield up their own will entirely, and become as facile in his hands as a child. But the same character which makes them so accessible to kindness renders them equally sensible to wrong. No force that can be brought to bear on them will ever make them yield to what they consider unjust or oppressive. They are always ready to die rather than submit, and, like the rattlesnake, they will strike back to the last.

It is only necessary to convince them, by an overwhelming display of power or by crushing chastisement, that the contest with our race is hopeless, and then tender them, in lieu of the horrors of hopeless war, kindness, truth and justice. They have the same instinct of self-preservation that we have. Show them that they can escape destruction only by abandoning the contest; that they will be saved from the danger of starvation on one side, and extermination on the other; that without sacrificing freedom of action, or being exposed to oppression or degradation, they will be placed in a position to support themselves and their families by their own exertions, and they will become as gentle and manageable as they are now vindicative and unrelenting. But so long as they believe they have nothing to hope for from us, they will fight to extermination. Apart from every consideration of humanity to both the contending races, it costs more, directly and indirectly, to destroy one Indian than to bind a hundred in peace and friendship. The fatal error has been to consider them hopelessly wild and irreclaimable. There is not a more manageable race on earth, if the proper means be used to govern them.

The Scrap at Nic Coalson's

Mrs. Lou C. Roberts, Austin, Texas.

I have been reading in your magazine of the heroic deeds of the pioneer settlers of Texas, which recalls to my mind the courage and bravery of a wife and mother who saved herself and family from being murdered by Indians, and I feel that this brave woman deserves a name among the heroes of that time..

I cannot give the exact date of this incident about which I will write, but it occurred somewhere near 1868, Nic Coalson, whose sole occupation was hunting and trapping, located his family, consisting of wife, three sons and three daughters, on Copperas Creek in Kimble county, on a small farm. Mr. Coalson did not locate himself. He lived with the animals. The house consisted of one picket room, no windows, one door and no shutter.. Mr. and Mrs. Harris lived with them. The former, with the aid of the boys, cultivated the farm; the eldest boy being fourteen, the second twelve, and the third ten years of age. The girls were younger. The family was well provided with fire arms and knew how to use them. Mr. Coalson's occupation made it necessary for him to live on the extreme frontier, and it is said that he moved to Copperas Creek from his former home because a family moved within ten miles of him. He claimed he was being crowded out.

One morning, about ten o'clock, while Mr. Harris was in the field, Mrs. Coalson discovered fifteen Indians riding toward the house. She put on a man's hat and coat and went out in the yard hoping to deceive the Indians in the belief that there was a man on the place. But they did not change their course and continued to advance in the direction of the house. She then went into the house, hung a quilt up in the door, as that had to serve as door shutter. She gave the two older boys guns and placed them in the most advantageous place for shooting, with instructions not to shoot without her order. While the house was not provided with windows, it was well ventilated and there were plenty of picket holes from which to shoot. Mrs. Coalson stationed herself at the door. In the meantime Mr. Harrsi had discovered the Indians and ran to the house, but unfortunately he reached the house at the same time they did. He called to Mrs. Coalson to bring him a gun and she stepped outside to take it to him when she saw him fall. When she stepped back into the house, Mrs. Harris, who had seen her husband fall, commenced to scream. Mrs. Coalson said, "If you scream again I will have to knock you down with the gun. I am trying to save my family from being murdered and you must be quiet." The Indians becoming emboldened by Mrs. Harris' screaming started in the house and Mrs. Coalson killed the one that was leading the way. The Indians took their dead comrade and retreated out of gun shot range. They stayed there three hours and in their parley they decided they did not have any more Indians to spare.

Mrs. Coalson then moved to Menard, where she died two years later. Mr. Coalson married again. I do not know how soon, but I do know he still followed his favorite vocation, which kept him on the extreme frontier. His wife and two of the older girls were returning from a horse-back ride and when within a mile of their home they were killed by Indians. Later, after the oldest boy had grown to manhood, he enlisted in Captain Roberts' Ranger Company, which was stationed in Menard county. The one incentive which seemed to actuate Doug Coalson was to be revenged on the Indians for the murder of his sisters. When rangers were detailed to follow an Indian trail and he was not included, he would rush frantically to Capt. Roberts and beg to be allowed to go, which privilege was always granted him. He never tired on an Inidan trail, and did not know what fear was. Later, his younger brother joined, and also made a good ranger. I am sorry to record that Doug Coalson passed away a few months ago in California, where he had gone in search of health.

Subscriptions to Frontier Times should be renewed promptly to avoid missing a single issue. In renewing your subscription or changing addressi be sure to give former address.

Captain Henry S. Brown, Pioneer

By Mrs. C. A. Westbrook.

The ancestors of this early pioneer and patriot of Texas came across the ocean and settled in Maryland in the early days of that colony. Tradition represents them having been men of sterling worth, well-to-do farmers, Richard Brown, of the first or second gereration, was born in Maryland about 1695. His son, Col. Edward Brown, (an officer in the Maryland line in the Revolutionary War) was born on Pipe Creek, Carrol county, Maryland, on the 16th of September, 1734; married Margaret Durbin, a maiden of rare beauty and intellectual gifts, and a woman beloved for her uniform kindness of heart. In 1780 he moved to Ohio. After the death of his wife which occurred in 1795, he moved to Madison county, Kentucky, where he died in 1823. His third child, Caleb Brown, was born in Carrol county Maryland, March 27th 1759. He married a daughter of Colonel Henry Stevenson, a Revolutionary soldier of Maryland and then moved to Madison county, Kentucky. His wife's maiden name was Jemima Stevenson, born January 18th, 1761, and died August 14th 1807. Henry Stevenson Brown, the third child of Caleb and Jemima Brown and the subject of their memoir, was born in Madison county, Kentucky, March 8th, 1793. Capt. Brown had the noble examples of both his parental and maternal ancestors, to act as incentive for future greatness, as both his grandfathers were officers in the Revolutiion of 1776. The school facilities of 1793 were limited, yet, he improved them to the best of his ability and obtained a good education for the day. When only fifteen, he lost his mother and when he kissed her pallid brow, he felt that home could never be the same dear spot again and in 1810 resolved to seek the wilds of Missouri. He located in St. Charles county, where he was actively engaged as a ranger against the Indians in the war from 1812 to 1815; and was at one time sheriff of that county. In 1813, during the seige of Fort Clark on the Illinois river where Peoria stands, his gallant conduct was so conspicuous as to call forth the encomiums both from Col. Musick and Governor Howard, of Missouri, the latter gentleman being also an eye witness. In making their report to the Secretary of War Capt. Brown's name was mentioned as the bravest among the brave. And then he was only twenty years of age. In St. Charles county he married Mrs. Margaret Kerr Jones, in 1814. (Mrs Jones was the daughter of the Rev. James Kerr, a Baptist minister, from near Danville, Kentucky, in 1808.) She had three children, to reach maturity by her first husband. Of these, Maryland Jones, in his 86th year, (1886) lived in Medina county, Texas; Mrs. Sarah Jordon died in Lavaca county in 1869; Mrs. Mary Kerr Draper lived in Oswego, Kansas. Of her four children by Captain Brown, Rufus E. Brown an old citizen of Southwest Texas, lived in the Pecos country; Thomas J Brown was supposed to have been murdered by robbers in New Orleans in October 1839 and sunk in the Mississippi river; John Henry Brown, once mayor of Dallas; and Margaret A. Brown, the wife of Russell Jones, died in Gonzales county in 1859. The mother esteemed through life as a living example of those mental and moral attributes which exalt her sex among the just and pure died in Lavaca county, April 30th, 1861, in her seventy-ninth year.

All hostilities ceased in 1815, and Capt Brown began the life of a trader to the lower country in live stock, meat and grain. The only means of transportation was the keel and flat boats, which rendered it extremely hazardous, and he often suffered severely from wrecks, yet he continued in this business for ten years, trading in New Orleans and on the lower Mississippi. During his sojourn in St. Charles county, Rufus E. and Thomas J. Brown, were born. In the winter of 1819, he moved to Pike county, where his third son, John Henry, and his only daughter, Margaret A. Brown, were born.

In the fall of 1824 he made his last trip as a trader to New Orleans, where he met his brother John, afterwards known as Waco Brown, on his way to Cuba for his health. Capt. Brown told

him that he expected to enter the Mexican and Indian trade, through the then Mexican provinces of Texas. His brother, being devotedly attached to him, concluded to accompany him and in December, 1824, they landed at the mouth of the Brazos with a large stock of goods and from thenceforth the name of each was inseparably connected and identified with Texas until their death. In 1825 Capt. Brown sent his brother with a cargo of goods to trade with the Comanches of the upper country. James Musick and Andrew Scott, went with him. They succeeded in reaching the Clear Fork of the Brazos river, without being molested and found the Indians very friendly and anxious to trade. And soon they were wending their way homeward with eleven hundred horses and mules and as many buffalo robes as they could manage, on their pack mules. The Indians assisted them a day or two on their way, and on the fourth night they camped on the Bosque, about where the present town of Meridian stands. All retired, congratulating themselves on the success of the expedition, and what must have been their surprise, when midnight yells and the firing of guns awakened their quiet slumbers. All sprang to their feet. Mr. Brown, being a cripple from white swelling, fell over on one of his companions. The others thinking that he was dead fled into the bottom. Mr. Brown secreted himself in some brush near by, where he remained until daylight, naturally thinking that his companions would do likewise. But, to his dismay, he found himself all alone, lame and without food; yet with a brave resolution he started limping homeward. After traveling three days, with blistered feet and aching heart, and almost famishing, he was suddenly surrounded by a band of Waco Indians. Most of them seemed anxious to kill him, but some plead for his life, which was spared on account of his lameness. He was then mounted and carried to their principal village, where the present city of Waco is located. His companions, supposing that he fell dead, traveled all the first night and concealed themselves until they reached the settlements, where they reported the death of Mr. Brown and their great loss of property.

Simultaneously with this expedition was Capt. Brown's first trip to Mexico, but fortunately with much better success, as he returned in a few months with a large number of horses and mules for the Louisiana and Mississippi trade and a considerable amount of Mexican coin. On reaching San Felipe, on the Brazos, he heard of the sad fate of his brother, but had a presentiment that he still lived and resolved upon his rescue. In a short time after his arrival, he started with 41 volunteers in search of his much beloved brother. On arriving at the Waco Village, he found them hostile and attacked them. After some resistance and killing several of their unmber, they fled and nine of their number were shot while crossing the river. Heavy rains commenced falling which continued most of the time for seventeen days, which prevented further pursuit and it was with great difficulty he reached home, owing to the boggy condition of the country through which they passed, now embracing the counties of Milam, Burleson and Lee. With a sad heart he resumed his business and sold his stock on the Mississippi and made a second and similar trip into Mexico. While encamped on the Medina river he was attacked by twelve Tehuacanos Indians. They intended to rob him, but he killed several of their number and the others fled. In the fall of the same year (1826) he arrived at San Felipe with several hundred head of horses, destined as was the previous herd, and while halting here discovered a man riding rapidly toward him from the west. As he approached nearer, he seemed to be an Indian riding bare back. But suddenly he reined his horse and sprang toward Capt. Brown, exclaiming, "Brother Henry! don't you know me!" It was the lost brother. In as brief a manner as possible he related the many adventures of his eighteen months captivity, which gave him the name of Waco Brown. He explained how he had suffered and used diplomacy to go on several marauding expeditions, hoping to escape and how at last he had succeeded while with a company of seventeen, on Cummins Creek. Now the time for avenging his brother's cruel treatment had come. Capt. Brown, with twenty men, including his herders, marched all night and at daylight rushed into the Indian camp, killing all except one.

In the latter part of 1827, Capt. Brown, on returning to New Orleans, visited Missouri. In the beginning of 1828, he again resumed the Mexican trade, making two trips. On the first trip he was robbed of a considerable amount of goods by the treachery of a Mexican in whom he had placed confidence.

The following extracts from "The Indian Wars of Texas," by Col. John Henry Brown, gives the sequel to the second expedition:

"In the month of December, 1828, Capt. Henry S. Brown was returning from a trading expedition to Mexico, having as the proceeds of the expedition about 500 horses and a considerable amount of silver in rawhide wrappers. He had with him nine Mexican ranchers, a faithful old Cherokee Indian named Luke, and two or three Americans. At night, on the road between San Antonio and Gonzales, his animals were stampeded and driven off by a party of hostile Indians, leaving a portion of his men on foot. He repaired to Gonzales and increased his force to twenty-nine men. With these he moved leisurely up the country through the mountains, and finally crossing the Colorado a little above the mouth of Pecan Bayou into the present territory of Brown county, hoping to surprise an Indian village and recover his own or an equal number of horses and mules. He suddenly came upon an encampment destitute of horses and scarcely any women and children. Quite a fight ensued, the Indians occupying a rocky point near its termination at a brushy little stream. For a time the Indians seemed defiant and killed one of Capt. Brown's Mexicans, besides wounding several of his men slightly, but several Indians fell and suddenly they fled into the creek bottom. Capt. Brown still anxious to find the object of his search, traveled westerly till night and encamped. During the night some of the guard discovered a camp fire apparently about two miles distant. As day dawned the party mounted and moving cautiously, struck the village just as it was light enough to see. Six of the Mexicans, under prior instructions, stampeded th Indians' horses. The other twenty-three men covered the rear and prepared for battle. Forty or fifty mounted Indians made pursuit and heavy skirmishing ensued, until four or five warriors had been tumbled from their horses. They drew off until reinforced by about as many more who, however, made no attack, but traveled paralled with the retreating party, occasionally showing themselves, till the sun went down. But all this time the horses had been pressed into a gallop and rendered too tired to be easily stampeded at night, the forlorn hope of the enemy. The retreat was continued to the full capacity of the animals for two or three successive days. Then, still traveling all night and grazing the horses and sleeping by alternation portions of each day, the party arrived safely at Gonzales with the loss of only one Mexican killed and four or five wounded, but none fatally."

I once had the name of every man in the party, but lost the list many years ago. Among them, however, was Brazil Durbin, Shelby, Andrew Scott, Cherokee Luke, nine Mexicans, Jesse Robinson, Moses Morrison, Abram M. Clare and William Bracken. They reached Gonzales late in January, 1829. They started with about 700 animals, but got in with only a little over 500, the remainder escaping in the night marches.These were equally divided among the captors to the satisfaction of all. It was this affair that prompted Capt. Brown, later in the year 1829, to lead a second expedition into the same section of country, in which, at the mouth of the San Saba, he accidently fell in with the company of Capt. Kuykendall, the particulars of which are also extracted from "The Indian Wars of Texas." After describing the departure from San Felipe of two companies, aggregating a hundred under Capts. Oliver James and Bartlett Simms, the whole commanded by Capt. Abner Kuykendall, on an expedition against the hostiles in the upper country, the narrative continues:

"About the same time, but without concert, a company of thirty-nine men of DeWitt's colony under Capt. Henry S. Brown, left Gonzales on a mission against the depredating hostiles supposed to be in the mountains. Among these thirty-nine early defenders of infant Texas, were Samuel Highsmith, deceased in 1849, Brazil Durbin, Moses Morrison, James Curtis, Geo. W. Cottle (killed in the Alamo) and Friley. Kuykendall

scoured the country between the Brazos and the Colorado. When about twenty miles below the mouth of the San Saba, a sort of epidemic appeared among the men, probably from eating wild fruits. He halted and sent forward scouts. The scouts returned on the third day and reported a large encampment on the west bank of the Colorado, just below the mouth of the San Saba. Kuykendall determined, if possible by a night march to make a daylight attack the next morning. The night march was made, but owing to cedar brakes and broken ground, to the regret of all, daylight appeared when they were five or six miles short of their destination. Still anxious for the advantages of a surprise at dawn Capt. Kuykendall concealed his force in a dense cedar brake, to await another night and the dawn of the morrow. But a part of warriors, during the day, discovered Kuykendall's scouts, followed them and mutual discovery resulted, the redmen rushing to their camp to give the alarm. Kukendall mounted and followed as rapidly as possible. Arriving in sight of the village, the Indians were seen mounting and fleeing, some already ascending the highlands near by. Kuykendall made a gallant charge on a band of warriors who remained to cover the retreat, but their stand was feeble. Only a few shots were fired, one of which, by Nestor Clay, a brave and talented Kentuckian, killed the only warrior Indian who fell. A few squaws and children in the rear were allowed to follow their people. The Indians, however, lot their camp equippage, including a great number of brass and copper rattles, blankets, buffalo robes, a considerable quantity of corn and a large number of horses, all of which were secured and taken in by the victors. During the afternoon Capt. Brown appeared. He had discovered the camp, secreted his men, put out concealed watchers and like Kuykendall, expected to attack at dawn on the following morning. He passed through the mountains on the east side of the Gaudalupe, across the Perdenales and Llano to the head of the San Saba. He encountered two small bands of Indians, in the first killing three, and in the second near the Enchanted Rock, surprised a small camp near heavy thickets, Five or six Indians fell, the remainder escaping into the brush. Both appeared to be only hunting parties of warriors. It was on this trip that Capt Brown, with his men, became the discoverer of the Enchanted Rock. He had followed the San Saba down to its mouth and a little below that discovered the Indians encamped as already stated. Neither he nor Kuykendall knew of the other being in that section, until Brown discovered the flying Indians turning a ridge two or three miles away, upon which he moved to the late Indian camp and there found the other party. The two commands moved down to Kuykendall's late camp. Several new cases of sickness appeared among the former's men, but none died. While here one of the men who went out hunting, did not return and could not be found. There were a number of wearied horses unable to travel with the command. Jesse Robinson and another man, of Capt. Brown's company, volunteered to remain and if possible take them in, which greatly to their credit and the surprise of all, they successfully accomplished. On the sixth day, in a perishable condition, the lost man fell in with Robinson and was saved. After traveling together two days, Kuykendall and Brown separated, the former deflecting eastward to and down the Brazos reaching San Felipe without other incidents worthy of mention . Of his two captains Oliver Jones became a leading senator in after years and Bartlett Simms a noted surveyor, a long resident of Bastrop county. Captain Brown bore down the Colorado and crossed it at the mouth of Shoal Creek, where the city of Austin stands, scoured the country on Onion Creek, the Rio Blanco and the San Marcos and reached Gonzales without further adventure. It was these expeditions into its territory which twenty-two years after his death caused Brown county to be named for him." Capt. Brown continued actively in the Mexican ing bands of Indians, but with his untirnumerous engagements with depredatingbands of Indians, but with his untiring energy and vigilance, he invariably made them regret that they ever attacked the sagacious border chief. On two occasions, once on the Nueces and once on the Medina, he was attacked by Mexican robbers, but he defeated both parties and they fled, leaving several

dead. He was ever on the alert, and ready to meet his foes.

In 1831, Captain Brown located at Columbia, Brazoria county. Soon afterwards the contest arose between the colonists and the Mexican garrisons at Nacogdoches, Anahuac, (The . mouth of the Trinity) and Velasco, (mouth of the Brazos), and particulars of which pertain to the history of the country. And as Captain Brown was always among the first in war, we find him among the first volunteers to attack Anahuac. But upon ascertaining that the treaty made with Ugartechea, (which was the non-assistance of Bradburn at Anahuac) had been broken, Captain Brown hastened home and was elected captain of one of the three companies which attacked Velasco. Col. John Austin was senior officer and Captain William J. Russell commanded a detachment on an armed schooner in the river. Captain Brown's company was composed of some very prominent men, Edwin Waller, Robert Mills, the distinguished merchant, Dr Charles B. Stewart and others. William E. Wharton, Governor Henry Smith and other prominent men were privates in Austin's company. The most of Captain Brown's company was composed of boys, but his cool courage and daring bravery seemed to inspire them with a heroism worthy of veterans. Velasco was garrisoned by 300 Mexican soldiers under Lieut. Col. Domingo Ugartechea. The attack was made at night, Austin on the upper side of the fort, the schooner in front and Captain Brown, by a circuit on the east side, effected a lodgement on the lower gulf beach side among drift logs, within fifty yards of the fort. The fight began about midnight and continued until an hour after sunrise, when a heavy rain causes a cessation, followed by a negotiation and the surrender of the fort. The loss of the Texans was seven killed and twenty-seven wounded, but they sunk some of their dead in the river. In this initial battle three years prior to the revolution proper in 1835, the most gallant heroism was displayed, but none won more laurels than Captain Henry S. Brown. His encouraging words to the boys of his company, transforming them into men of heroes, will ever be a pleasant theme and one which will be reverted to with pride. Out of the battle of Velasco grew the feud between Col. John Austin and William H. Wharton and this led to a duel between their respective brothers, William T. Austin and the brilliant John A Wharton. Captain Brown, as a mutual friend, joined with others in an endeavor for a peaceable adjustment, but this failing, he reluctantly attended, in conjunction with Warren D. C. Hall, as next friend to Austin, on the field. Wharton's arm was broken on the first fire and the contestants subsequently became friends.

In 1833 Captain Brown employed effort

In 1833 Captain Brown was impowered to arrest some refugees from Louisiana, supposed to be about San Antonio, shielded by the Mexican authorities. With half a dozen picked men he partially succeeded, but encountered the opposition of the Mexican soldiers, resulting in a skirmish at the Mission of San Jose, in which one of his men, Brazil Durbin, was wounded by six different balls, and he had been shot by the Indians with a musket ball in 1826, which had never been extracted, yet he lived until 1858. Ben Duncan and English Tom Williams were captured and remained as prisoners for some time. Captain Brown and James Gibson were pursued by a squad of soldiers to Gonzales, but they repulsed and drove them back.

In December 1833, Captain Brown was elected one of the Ayuntamiento of the jurisdiction of Brazoria, a tribunal between our district, county and municipal courts, composed of an alcalde and two regidors, or associates. In this case Edwin Waller was alcalde, William H. Wharton and Henry S. Brown regidors and by them Henry Smith, (afterwards governor) was made secretary. They were inaugurated on the first day of January, 1834, and on the next day published an able address to the people, on the critical condition of the country, pending its application to be admitted as a state of the Mexican Union, a document of historic value in showing the actual condition of things at that time. On the 24th day of July of that year, Henry Smith was promoted to the important office of political chief of the department of Brazoria, embracing all the colonies in Texas; and two days later, on the 26th day of July, the soul of Henry S Brown crossed the river, in the forty-

second year of his checkered life. His attending physican was Anson Jones, afterwards president of Texas. Captain Brown's remains were interred in the cemetery of the Bell family, in whose presence he breathed his last. He sleeps beneath the shades of a majestic liveoak, besides the once noted Captain Bird Lockhart.

Captain Brown was a true pioneer in the nobility and magnanimity of his nature; unselfish and generous, one who rejoices in the preventing and despised the stirring up of personal strife among men. His mind was quick and comprehensive and fertile in resources, upon sudden emergencies. If all the various episodes of his short but eventful life were recorded, it would remind one of the romantic Scottish legends. It was said by old citizens that he had more contests with the Indians and was more generally successful than any of the brave pioneer chiefs of that day. Judge Waller, in a letter written in 1835 said, that while he was mercurial in temperament and furious when provoked to wrath, he was remarkable for self possession in danger, fearless as a lion and had a wonderful faculty for controlling (without seeming to control) men and of attaching them to him in the strongest bonds of friendship.

He stated further that his death before the revolution was a great loss to Texas, for in that struggle he would have been a pillar of strength. General Burleson, Thomas F. McKinney, President Anson Jones, Governor Henry Smith and other men of distinction, who knew him intimately, expressed similar views of his character. All agreed that if he had lived until the issue came he would have held a prominent position in the patriot army of 1835-6.

Many interesting events in his life have been omitted. Indeed his life from 1824 to 1833, was but a succession of hazards in the infantile condition of the country, with its spare population and numerous tribes of roving, hostile savages, supplemented by the disturbed condition of the Mexican border, with its contingent of organized bands of banditti. Yet he proved equal to the emergency. The hideous yell of the wild Comanche along the mountain gorges sent no thrill of horror to his dauntless bosom and his name, a synonym of honor, courage and fidelity, is perpetuated by the beautiful county of Brown. But he left a worthy representative in the person of his son, John Henry Brown, who speaks more forcibly of the pure chivalrous character of the father than any such honor could bestow. Captain Brown's brother, Dr. Caleb S. Brown, came to Texas from Mississippi in 1840 and was a prominent and useful citizen of Gonzales until his death in 1855. He was surgeon at the battles of Plum Creek and Salado. Dr. Hugh H. Brown, another brother, died in Missouri, but his widow and children came to Texas and now sleep in its soil. Nicholas Brown, a half brother, was a captain in the army of 1836, afterwards lived in Mississippi and California, but he died of yellow fever, in Brownsville near the close of the Civil War. He was childless and Dr. Caleb S. Brown left but a single child, Mrs. Thomas J. Porter, of Gonzales.

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Collects $80 from State After 52 Years

San Antonio Express, May 3, 1925.

Having just collected a 52-year-old debt, Frank L. Huebner, 434 Warwick Avenue, pioneer Texan and early-day ranger, has settled himself in his favorite front porch rocker for a perusal of the morning paper and a quiet smoke. The morning mail had brought him a warrant, bearing the seal of the State of Texas and the signature of the State Comptroller, for $80. It represented remuneration for his last month's services as a member of the State police force. It was his salary for the month of February, 1873.

Nearly 52 years after he had severed his connections with the State police force Huebner was rumaging in an old strong box and found a due bill signed by F. L. Britton, Adjutant General of Texas in 1873, as evidence that the State owed Huebner $80 salary. He remembered at the time the due bill was made the Democrats had just taken office, and as he had been appointd by and served under a Republican administration, he concluded that it would be useless to try to collect salary due him. He sent the due bill to Senator Julius Real, and at the last session of the Legislature a special appropriation was made to pay Huebner's $80.

Enterprising savings banks and expounders of thrift movements will immediately point out a few facts and figures, if not a moral, in Huebner's belated collection. Their point is well taken, and may be passed on here to the grandchildren and great grandchildren of the 77 year-old former peace officer. Had Huebner drawn the $80 when it was first due and payable, invested it at 6 per cent interest, compounding the interest semi-annually, it would have grown into a fund approximating $1,720 on the day he received his State warrant.

Huebner's tenure was under Governor Davis, and he was in the service three years. He got into it accidently, but learned to love the exciting life which members o the State police force led. He has an inexhaustable fund of experiences, and recalls them readily, describing incidents of frontier day life in Texas as vividly as if they had happened yesterday. Just before the State police force was disbanded in 1873, to be replaced by the Rangers Huebner and less than half a dozen of the 172 men maintained in the service were sent to the King ranch, near Kingsville, to ferret out Mexican assaliants who had sent a bullet through the heart of a German nobleman who was the guest of the late Richard King, husband of Mrs. Henrietta M. King, whose death occurred only recently. King was showing this nobleman over his vast ranch when the Mexicans, lying in ambush for the wealthy ranch owner, leveled their guns and fired. Their bullets were meant for King but found a mark in the nobleman. The Governor of Texas was appealed to, and he dispatched State police to the scene.

Roving bands of Mexican marauders were numerous in that section, and after Huebner and his men reached the King ranch they decided it would be foolhardy to start out in the pursuit of the slayer without reinforecements. They rode over to Corpus Christi and called for volunteers. A force of cowboys was organized and the work of beating the brush commenced. Before the hostilities ended almost numberless Mexicans had been killed in running fights and others summarily executed. Huebner said. The cowboys did not sustain a casualty.

Another mission he recalls vividly is the one that took him across the Rio Rio Grande to a little Mexican town named San Antooio. A Mexican alcalde and storekeeper had killed a Texas cowboy while on a horse-stealing visit to this side, and other cowboys had followed him across the boundary line to avenge the death of theircomrade. They opened fire on the Mexican's place at daybreak and set fire to his home, "smoking him out," as Huebner put it, and killing him. The State police was called on by Governor Davis to go to the Mexican town and make an investigation of the incident. Huebner was in charge of the party, and spent several days there. A record of the case was made and sent to Governor Davis, but if any action was taken Huebner did not hear of it.

The Taylor-Sutton Feud

By DeWitt Reddick, in The Longhorn Magazine.

(Editor's Note.—Tennessee and Kentucky are renowned for their feuds, yet Texas during the riotous days of its earl life was the scene of family and clan conflicts just as bitter and deadly as those of the Blue Ridge ranges. In South and West Texas old cattlemen still glory in the telling of tales of the worst of these conflicts, one in which two old and influential families, the Taylors and the Suttons, were arrayed against each other with the settlers in a major portion of the states siding actively with one or the other of the factions. The following article is an account of this feud, taken from historical data compiled in the Texas Collection of the University Library.)

Galloping through the thick, powdery dust of the wide road, six men dashed up to the hitching rail in front of the only saloon in town and dismounted. A scorching midday sun glared down on the huddled wooden shacks of the town, dumped on the alkali aridness of a broad plain, the town of Clinton, Texas. It was the autumn of 1866.

Through the swinging doors of the saloon stalked the six men with the air of having a disagreeable task before them.

Seated half way across the spacious bar-room, his feet on a table and his hat over his eyes as though he had been sleeping, a young man pushed back his hat and glanced toward the intruders with an air of mild irritation at having his peace disturbed.

The sight of those six men, dirty, unshaven, with pistols swinging at their hips, brought him to his feet in one quick movement, facing them.

Looking neither to the right nor to the left, the leader of the six approached the young man rapidly until about five paces away, when he slowed up and finally stopped.

For a number of seconds the two men sized each other up, the young man silent, waiting, the bearded man quiet and deliberate, with a deadly hatred showing in his manner.

"You go well-heeled for a man that shoots in the back," the bearded man sneered finally.

Flushing slightly, the young man remained silent.

"Bill Sutton, you damned coward!" burst out the other, "you plugged Charlie in th' back an' I'm here to tell you that you shore played hell when you did it!"

In the face of the threatening gang, Bill Sutton straightened his six foot body in defiance. A young man he was, scarcely more than twenty-two, with fair complection, blue eyes, and light, curly hair.

"Taylor," he said, "Charlie was a prisoner of the law. He broke away. The only way to stop him was to bring him down."

"Law, hell!" Taylor spat on the floor between Sutton's boots to show his disdain for the latter. "You killed a Taylor, Sutton, and a Taylor'll get you. 'Bout an hour afore sundown today I'll be outside a-gunnin' for you, an' if you're any kind of a man, you'll be there!"

He and his henchmen were making their way to the door when the words from the pale lips of Sutton halted them.

"Why not make it now, Taylor?"

Only one thing thing could happen after that challenge. The men behind Taylor backed to one side to be out of the line of fire.

Taylor turnd half-crouching, to face the man twenty feet away.

Spitting out an oath, he reached for his gun.

Tho shots flashed together. Sutton fell back against the wall, blood streaming from a wound in his shoulder. Taylor sank to the floor lifeless.

And Buck Taylor died—died in an effort to uphold his family creed: "Who sheds a Taylor's blood, by a Taylor's hand must fall!"

The killing of Buck Taylor was the opening of a feud that spread from town to town, from county to county, throughout West Texas. It was a fight between clans of the prairies and hills, a fight

that lasted fourteen years, and in which nearly three hundred lives were lost.

The Sutton-Taylor feud had its origin in the turbulent condition of Texas of the late 60's. A conquered province, a defeated rebel state, under the rule of a military governor at Austin, it was a vast expanse of country, of prairie woodland, and dense, thorny chaparral, with settlements scattered twenty to thirty miles apart. Throughout this region of unfenced land roamed multitudes of cattle and horses bearing innumerable brands and ear-marks. Every spring and summer stockmen set out in partiies of ten to a hundred to brand and release their calves and colts scattered over many miles of land.

Mavericks and dogies, weakened calves and colts, ran free in great numbers on the plains, the property of any who caught and branded them. Brand-blotting was a common profitable business. Often one man usurped the brand of another in a distant corner of the State, rustled that man's cattle and sold them as his own.

Confederate soldiers, ragged and without means of support, branded "rebels" and always under the suspicious eye of the military government at Austin, joined with the outlaws and desperadoes who swarmed the country, preying on the unguarded cattle. What little law existed was a reflection of personal feelings rather than justice. Men joined forces with the law to satisfy personal grudges, and shot down their prisoners without giving them a chance for trial.

Charles Taylor, ex-confederate soldier, young and reckless, resentful of the prosperity of union-sympathizing cattlemen, was but one of many who set themselves to make a profit off the unbranded cattle that were plentiful. With several others he was arrested in Bastrop in the summer of 1866 for horse-stealiing. While being brought to DeWitt county to jail, Charlie made a break for liberty and was killed by his captors, among whom was Bill Sutton.

A Taylor had fallen. To avenge his death, Buck Taylor, Charlie's cousin, rode into Clinton that hot autumn day with the intention of killing Bill Sutton. Instead, he himself had been slain.

Two Taylors had fallen by the same hand. Though Buck had been killed in a fair fight, Charlie had been shot in the back. From mouth to mouth in the widespread and influential Taylor family echoed the family creed: "Who sheds a Taylor's blood, by a Taylor's hand must fall!"

Enemies of the Taylors and of Taylor sympathizers flocked to the side of Bill Sutton. Gun battles were fought. Men were shot from their horses at night. Assassination became a common weapon for both factions. And as man after man was murdered, friends of these men who had previously held aloof joined in to avenge their loss. Thus each side constantly increased its ranks.

General Reynolds, military governor of Texas, rose to meet the situation. Outlawing all Taylors living in that district from the Rio Grande to the tall pines of the Sabine, he loosed his dogs of war to chase them from the country. In June, 1868, Captain Jack Helm and C. S. Bell of the U. S Army, took the field with one hundred men, each under orders to arrest and rid the country of the Taylor party.

Exciting times followed. The Taylors, more than one hundred and fifty strong broke up into bands of from five to fifteen and terrorized the country with unceasing guerilla warfare. Time after time outlaws and vigilant committees clashed, and usually the outlaws, being inferior in number, had to run. Time and again Captain Bell captured supporters of the Taylor faction, and nearly always his prisoners were shot down "while trying to escape" before they could be brought to trial.

Bill Sutton, as a matter of course, was aligned with the forces of Captain Helm. Several times during this period he was shot at from ambush. One night, while he was sitting in a billiard saloon in Cuero, someone from the outside fired two shots at him, one taking effect in his left shoulder, the other badly shattering his left arm. It was more than a month before he recovered.

The dwindling ranks of the Taylor bands could not stand up for more than a year under the constant attacks and ruthless measures of Captain Helm, and the citizens he impressed into his ranks. A few at a time they slipped over the border into Mexico. For a time peace reigned in Texas.

Captain Helm, however, was not to escape after his campaign against the

Taylors. One day early in 1870 two young men, supposed to be friends of the Taylors, rode up to the blacksmith shop in DeWitt County where Helm was at that time working on an argiucltural implement. Without saying a word, they shot Helm several times and rode away. They were never caught.

Soon after the death of Helm a police act went into effect whereby Bill Sutton became head of the police division in DeWitt County. Doubtless he was forced into this position by the fact that since the death of Buck Taylor his life had been in constant danger at the hands of relatives of the deceased. He had to fight back at the Taylors or leave the country. He chose to fight.

The death of Helm brought a steady return of the Taylor forces from Mexico. Sporadic warfare sprang up between them and the mounted police under Sutton. Embers of the feud smouldered until August 26, 1870, when the State was startled by the killing of the "Kelly boys" in DeWitt County by policemen sent to arrest them.

Henry and William Kelly were related by marriage to the Taylors, and had in times of emergency, taken up arms on the side of the family against the Sutton forces. Riding to the Kelly farms one day with three deputies, Bill Sutton arrested the brothers on the charge of participating in a street fight in a nearby town. What truly happened on the way to the jail no outsider is ever likely to know. Armanda, wife of Henry, who secretly followed the arresting party, stated she saw her husband and her brother-in-law shot down in cold bloood not two miles from her home. When neighbors arrived on the scene, they found the dead bodies of the Kelly boys riddled with bullets, shot from behind, lying in the middle of the road. Sutton and his men claimed the prisoners had tried to escape. The officers were placed on trial for murder, but were acquitted.

Public sentiment in West Texas was aroused to a high pitch over this killing, and for the first time seemed to favor the Taylor more than the Sutton faction. Skirmishing sprang up again over the district. Efforts made to trap and torture Sutton brought friends to his assistance. Ultimately each side had concentrated within a few miles of each other between seventy-five and one hundred men. A battle seemed imminent. Business places throughout DeWitt County were closed.

The crisis passed, however, when the rival leaders drew up a compromise truce, each faction promising to bury the disgraceful feud. Hopes of compromises were shortlived. Sutton was tired of warfare. He was tired of being constantly on the alert against assassination. For some time he had been happily married, and his thoughts were centered on a cozy little home and children to play in it.

Early one morning he and his wife left Clinton for Indianola, a Texas port on the Gulf, from where they were to ship to New Orleans. He had decided to leave Texas forever. But the eyes of the Taylors never lost sight of him. Bill and Jim Taylor trailed him to Indianola. Suspecting the intentions of the two shaggy-bearded men who had followed them from Clinton, Sutton's noble little wife clung to his side and tried to keep herself always between them and her husband. Just as she was mounting the gangplank to the steamer in front of her husband, Bill and Jim came up. Several shots cracked in rapid succession. Her husband fell dead in her arms, while the Taylors fled from the wharf. Later Bill and Jim were tried for murder and acquitted.

The death of Sutton was the climax of the feud. He had been the leader of his party. Desire for revenge against him had been the ruling motive in unifying the Taylors. The faction now split up, some returning to peaceful occupations, others continuing their outlawry until the cattlemen of DeWitt and Goliad counties organized, took the law in their own hands, and drew up a list of the outstanding desperadoes and their followers, ordering these men to leave the country within three days or be killed. Rigid enforcement of this order resulted in ridding West Texas of its lawless elements. July, 1880, found the State once more united and tranquil after fourteen years of civil strife, fourteen years of bloodshed and murder.

Thus active and organized war-fare ceased in the Sutton-Taylor conflict, the most deadly feud in the history of Texas. The scars of war were not easilly erased, however, and family hatreds were handed

down to the next generation. Here and there quarrels broke out between the two factions. For thirty years this bitterness has fought a stubborn yet losing battle to remain in the hearts of the people. Growing industry, developing railroads, and improving conditions have bound the citizens of South and West Texas together with ties of commercial interests and common aims. Though the feud is still vivid in the minds of many, the descendants of the two factions admit that both sides were in the wrong and that both committed inexcusable crimes.

The Day of Texas Freedom

Houston Chronicle, April 21, 1925.

The event we celebrate today was a decisive one in Texas history; its importance in the story of human affairs looms ever greater as the passing years have shown the expansion of an Anglo-American civilization over a great empire-like area where, except for San Jacinto, the petty tyrants of Mexico probably would have ruled to this day.

The battle of San Jacinto was in reality a clash of two conflicting civilizations, and the few hundred pioneers of the more virile won against the organized armies of the other. It would take volumes to trace the far-reaching results of that decision made at San Jacinto 89 years ago, and no man may estimate its ultimate effect on the growth of nations and empires, and on the future course of history throughout the world.

But we would be unjust to the Texas patriots if we represented them as fighting for empire. They were fighting for freedom. And perhaps in no other armed conflict was the issue more clearly drawn. The contest had become one for national independence, but that was merely the final phase of the greater conflict for the personal and civil liberty that the early Texans believed was the God-given right of every man, and for which they proposed to contend in the face of all odds.

The Texas pioneers were men of learning and men of ideals. Perhaps they could teach present day Texas something concerning the very fundimentals of liberty. One paragraph from that great document, their declaration of independence, might well be kept ever bright in the memory of political and industrial leaders today:

"It (Mexico) has failed to establish any public system of education, although possessed of almost boundless resources (the public domain); and although it is an axiom in political science that unless a people are educated and enlightened it is idle to expect the continuance of civil liberty or the capacity for self government."

This charge against the Mexican government gives light on the fundimental aspirations of the Texas patriots. They were wedded to the ideal of a free and an enlightened people, an ideal which they had been forced to conclude could not survive under Mexican despotism. How true their conclusion was only the history of the 89 intervening years in Mexico proper could amply demonstrate.

Other paragraphs of that declaration showed clearly that they understood only too well how little they could expect under Mexican rule. Could the government of Mexico in the last century be better described than in these words?

"It has been, during the whole time of our connection with it, the contemptible sport and victim of successive military revolutions, and has continually exhibited every charactistic of a weak, corrupt and tyranical government."

And could any truer portrait of the condition of the Mexican people at the time be drawn, or of the hoplessness of expecting any change in them be stated, than in the following paragraph?

"We appealed to our Mexican brethren for assistance. Our appeal has been in vain. Though months have elapsed, no sympathetic response has yet been heard from the interior. We are, therefore, forced to the melancholy conclusion that the Mexican people have acquiesced in the destruction of their liberty, and the substitution therefor of a miliary government."

When Andrew Jackson Fought a Duel

Andrew Jackson was born March 15, 1767. What follows is an account of one of the most dramatic episodes of Old Hickory's life, and it is told in the light of newly discovered documents that are now in the archives of his home state of Tennessee. The author, Trotwood Moore, is librarian and archivest of the Tennessee department of education. The article, somewhat abridged, is reprinted from the New York Times.

Much new light has been thrown on Andrew Jackson's career by the discovery of court and other records by the department of history of Tennessee.

Among the statements so persistently broadcast for more than a century is the erroneous belief that Jackson was a rough backwoods fighter, uneducated, untamable, stubborn, narrow, tyranical and cruel at times. Jackson was, in fact, a gentleman of the wilderness, cool, dignified, courteous, daring and unflinching. His dominant characteristic was an earnestness so intense that he had little time for the trivialities of life.

In 1780, eight years before Jackson came to the wilderness, Col. John Donelson brought the "Good Boat Adventure" with her passengers a thousand miles of the Tennessee river to what is now Nashville. With his family was a half-grown daughter, who could outdance, out-sing and out-ride any other member of her sex in all the country side. She became the toast and belle of all the wilderness. Before she was out of her teens she had been swept into marriage with a young, high-mettled Kentuckian, whose habits and jealousies made her a most unhappy bride.

Col Douelson, having been killed by Indians, Rachel and her husband were living with her widowed mother, when Jackson, the brilliant young public prosecutor, with his partner, Judge John Overton, started boarding in the widow's house. Jackson's friendship for the mother and kindness to the daughter stirred all the jealousy that lay in the young husband's soul and caused him to berate his wife and humiliate her. Jackson's soul burned under the unjust insinuation and cowardly hecklings of the husband, and when Rachel came to him for sympathy and protection, she got it. Finally his own name was brought in, and he drove the wife abuser out of the state into Kentucky.

Jackson himself reconciliated them on the husband's promise to reform. But the wife soon came back with a story of wrongs and neglect that turned Jackson's pity into love.

The husband filed a divorce bill in the legislature of Virginia, as the law required (Kentucky being then a part of that state), alleging desertion by his wife. The bill was passed and published.

For a year Rachel lived with her mother, believing she was divorced. Then she and Jackson were married.

Later, when it was learned that Rachel's husband had not obtained his final decree until after her marriage to Jackson, the latter had the ceremony reperformed and then gave fair warning of death to any man who dared to assail his wife's name or the purity of their motives.

Dickinson, in his cups at an inn, publicly proclaimed that Jackson was a poltroon who had "lived two years with his wife before he was legally married to her."

Jackson, wanting not his blood, went to the young man's father-in-law and asked for an apology. It was scantily given, but the offense was repeated more boldly in a few weeks with a letter by Dickinson printed in a local paper, calling Jackson a liar and a coward.

"Gentlemen," Jackson told his friends, "I have but one chance in it all. He is quicker than I and far more accurate. He will shoot instantly on the word to beat me to it. His haste may make less sure his aim. It is my only chance. I will let him shoot first."

Dickinson rode with a party ahead of Jackson and left evidences of his marksmanship intended to break down the morale of his antagonist. To the landlord of the little wayside inn where he

had lunched after he had put three balls into the ace of hearts pinned to a tree, he remarked: "Show that to General Jackson when he comes by and tell him I am going to shoot that bright brass button off that is over his heart."

"Unbutton your coat tomorrow, general, when you go the field," said Overton, his second.

The place of the duel, Harrison's mill, on Red river, in Logan County, Kentucky is an open field today, but 119 years ago it was a popular grove. Dickison and his party were already there when Jackson arrived, Overton, ever thoughtful and silent, walked up to Jackson. True to his military habits, his principal had forgotten to unbutton the coat that emphasized his clear-cut figure with distinctness.

"Unbutton it, general, as I advised you yesterday. It will put your heart three inches away."

Jackson nodded and complied.

Dickinson's second, Dr. Catlett, drew choice of position and promptly placed his principal with his back to the sun. Jackson, facing him, had the sunshine in his face.

It fell to Overton to give the word. He bided his time, then asking if they were ready, suddenly shouted, "F-e-re." It was a new word to Dickinson, but Jackson, having been, even though a boy, a revolutionary soldier, knew that it was the old militia officer's word for fire."

Almost with the word Dickinson fired. Overton, his eyes glued on Jackson's breast, paled and almost groaned when he saw the dust fly from his principal's coat near the button that had been over his heart. Jackson for an instant reeled, then straightened upright and stood firm, his face blanched, but unchanged. Dickinson, in dismay, thoughtlessly stepped back from his line, exclaiming "My God, have I missed him!"

Dickinson stepped up to the line, his head down, his pistol lowered, Jackson calmly raised his own pistol. Slowly, deliberately, he aimed, and at the touch of the hair-trigger the perfect weapon, purchased in England for a high price after he had remarried his wife—to let his enemies know he was ready to use it for her good name—the pistol that had never refused to fire, for the first time failed him. It snapped, but stopped on the half cock. Why, no man can tell.

"I would never have killed him," said Jackson afterward, the only time he was ever known to mention it, "if I had not felt that I was mortally wounded myself. But, believing this, I believe now I would have lived long enough to kill him if he had shot me through the heart."

Coolly, grimly, deliberately, he cocked his pistol, and when he aimed again he took no chances, for he aimed not at Dickinson's head, nor at his heart, but at his stomach, for he knew that if the great ball sped true there was no surgeon of the day who could save his opponent.

Dickinson collapsed at the shot. Jackson walked by him erct, though his left boot was by that time half full of blood.

Jackson was badly wounded. True to his boast, Dickinson had put the ball over the button above his heart, striking a glancing blow that shattered two ribs and plowed through his side and into his back. Dickinson lived all day, crying in agony and bitterness. In the chivalry of the times Jackson sent him a bottle of wine.

From that day Rachel Jackson became Andrew Jackson's religion. She tamed his fiery soul. He joined her little church at the Hermitage. There is a story that when she died he lay all night upon her bier and held her body in his arms. Afterwards he wore always a miniature of her, and while President, every night before he retired he placed that picture before him, read from the little bible she had given him, and knelt in prayer.

Wm. Secrest of Hamilton, Texas, orders Frontier Times sent to two good old pioneers, Messrs. A. P. Shockley and R. P. Rice, both of Hamilton.

R. H. Ray writes from Aspermont, Texas: "I was born December 3, 1861, in Kaufman county, Texas, and with my parents went to the Keechi country in the northern part of Palo Pinto and southern part of Jack county in 1877. I lived in Jack county until 1891, and then moved to King county. I have been a cowboy all of my life until the last fifteen years, and may write you later. I was in Jack county during the wire-cutting period, in 1882."

Please mention Frontier Times to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

Early History of Free Masonry in Texas

Before his death that noted Texas statesman, soldier and Mason, Anson Jones, first grand master of Masons in Texas, wrote a brief historical sketch of Freemasonry in Texas. The committee on Masonic service and education has had numerous requests from the press, and Masons over the state, for copies of this sketch. It is here given exactly as taken from the Grand Lodge records of Texas:

"As I took an active part in laying the first foundation of Freemasonry in this country, originated, and was personally present at, the first meeting ever held here, and cognizant of the earliest steps taken for the organization of a lodge, I place upon record the following facts, which may be of interest perhaps to the fraternity hereafter, and would otherwise be lost, as I am now the only living of the five brethren who organized Holland Lodge.

"In the winter of 1834-5, five Master Masons, who had made themselves known to each other, consulted among themselves, and, after much deliberation, resolved to take measures to establish a lodge of their order in Texas. This resolution was not formed without a full appreciation of its consequences to the individuals concerned. Every movement in Texas at that time was watched with jealousy and distrust by the Mexican government and already had its spies and emissaries denounced some of our best citizens as factionists and disaffected persons; already were the future intended victims of despotic power being selected. It was well known that Freemasonry was particularly odious to the Catholic priesthood, whose influence in the country at that time was all-powerful. The dangers, therefore, attendant upon an organization of Masons, at this time, 'which was trying upon men's souls,' were neither few nor unimportant. But zeal for a beloved institution, a belief that it would be beneficial at this period when society seemed especially to need fraternal bonds to unite them together predominated; all fears of personal consequences were thrown aside, and the resolution to establish a lodge, as above mentioned, was adopted. The five brethren were John H. Wharton, Asa Brigham, James A E. Phelps, Alexander Russell and Anson Jones, and they appointed a time and place of meeting to concert measures to carry their resolution into effect. In the meantime another Master Mason came into their plans—Brother John P. Caldwell.

"The place of meeting was back of the town of Brazoria, near the place known as General John Austin's, in a little grove of wild peach or laurel, ad which had been selected as a family burying ground by that distinguished soldier and citizen. The spot was secluded and out of the way of cowans and eavesdroppers, and they felt they were alone. Here, and under such circumstances, at 10 o'clock in the morning of a day in March, 1835, was held the first formal Masonic meeting in Texas as connected with the establishment and continuance of Masonry in this country. The six brethren I have mentioned were all present there, and it was concluded to apply to the grand lodge of Louisiana for a dispensation to form an open lodge, to be called Holland Lodge, in honor of the then Most Wonderful Grand Master of that body, J H Holland. The funds were raised by contribution to defray the expeses of which each contributed as he felt willing and able. A petition was in due time drawn up and signed by them, which was forwarded to New Orleans, having been previously signed by another Master Mason, Brother W. D. C. Hall, and perhaps one or two more; but of this I do not recollect.

"The officers named in the petition were: For worshipful master, Anson Jones; senior warden, Asa Brigham; junior warden, J. P. Coldwell, who filled those offices respectively until the close of 1837. The dispensation was granted, and after some delay, in these brethren, and Holland Lodge No. 36, under dispensation, was instituted and opened at Brazoria, on the 27th of December, 1835. Brother Phelps was chosen treasurer, and M. C. Patton secretary. The other officers I do not recall. The lodge held its meetings at Brazoria, in the second story of the old courthouse, which room was afterwards occupied by St. John's Lodge No. 5. About this the difficulties

with Mexico broke out into open hostilities, and our work was very much retarded by that circumstance, and by the members having to be absent in the service of the country. Still there were a few others from time to time introduced into the order, either by receiving the degrees or by affiliation. The lodge struggled until February, 1836, when I presided over its last meeting at Brazoria. I well recollect the night and the fact that Brother Fannin, who one month after became so celebrated for his misfortune and those of his unfortunate party at Goliad, acted as senior deacon. It seemed indeed that the gloom which prevailed in the lodge that night was a foreshadowing of its and their unhappy fate, which was to soon to overtake both.

"In March Brzoria was abandoned. Urrea soon after tookpossession of the place at the head of the detachment of the Mexican army, and the records, books, jewels and everything belonging to the lodge, were utterly destroyed by them, and our members were scattered in every direction. Brother Wharton, Phelps and myself joined the Texas troops on the Colorado, about the 18th of March. In the meantime, the Grand Lodge of Louisiana had issued a charter for Holland Lodge No. 36 and it was brought over to Texas by Brother John A. Allen. This, together with some letters from the grand secretary, was handed to me by Brother Allen, on the prairie between Groce's and San Jacinto, while we were on the march, and carried by me in my saddlebags to the encampment of the army on Buffalo Bayou, at Lynchburg. Had we been beaten here Santa Anna would have captured the charter of Holland Lodge at San Jacinto, as Urrea had the dispensation for it at Brazoria. Such an event however, was impossible. The charter and papers were taken safely to Brazoria; but, as the members had been lessened in numbers by death, or scattered in the army and elsewhere in the service of the country no attempt was made to revive the work of the lodge at that place.

"In October, 1837, however, it was reopened by myself and others, at the city of Houston, having been in existance about two years.

"In the meantime two other lodges, with charters from the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, were established in Texas—Milam, at Nacogdoches, and McFarlane, at San Augustine. Delegates from these, and from Holland Lodge met in convention at Houston in the winter of 1837-38, and the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas was formed. By advice and direction of this body, the three subordinate lodges transferred their allegiance from Louisiana, and received others from Texas; and Holland Lodge No. 36, under the former, became Holland Lodge No. 1, under the Grand Lodge of the Lone Star republic. By this course, the causes of many difficulties which have afflicted many of the Grand Lodges of the United States were considered and obviated in the formation of the Grand Lodge of Texas.

"Holland Lodge No. 36 was the only one established in Texas prior to the revolution which seperated her from Mexico.

"Such is a brief but faithful sketch of the first establishment of Freemasonry in Texas. It was founded like our political institutions, amid the stern concomitants of adversity and war, but its foundations were laid broad and deep; and upon them has been raised a superstructure of strength and beauty symmetrical in its proportions and vast in its dimensions, which I trust will rise 'usque ad astra' and continue as a beacon to guide and cheer worthy Masons on their journey of life, and against which the wasting storms of time shall beat in vain, and the restless waves of persecution cast themselves to destruction in angry foam; while the presiding genius of the institution from its lofty walls shall ever continue to exclaim in emphatic tones, to be heard by all—east, west, north and south—

"'Procul! O Procul! est profani!' 'Tu que invade viam.' 'Far hence, ye profane! Welcome, ye initiated, to these glorious courts; tread ye them aright!'"

Heel Fly Time in Texas

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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Writing to order Frontier Times sent to his father, Captain Henry Sisk at Venice, California, Mr Floyd S. Sisk says: "Concerning your publication I wish to advise that I recently read an issue thereof, it being the first time I had known that it is being published, and I certainly enjoyed reading the entire issue." It will be remembered that Frontier Times recently published a sketch about Captain Henry Sisk, written by T. U. Taylor, dean of engineering in the Texas University. We are pleased to enter the old hero's name on our list, and trust he will live many years to enjoy the visits of Frontier Times.

Curley Hatcher of Myrtle Point, Oregon, writes: "In last July number of Frontier Times my old friend, J C. Jones, claims that Clay Mann strung the first barbed wire on Jim Ned Creek in Coleman county in 1880. He is mistaken in the date for it was 1876 or the spring of 1877, and the Day ranch on the Colorado river was fenced the next year. I am sure it was in 1876, as we had a fight with the Indians at the Narbo ranch, six miles above Clay Mann's on the Jim Ned, that year. The Indians went down the creek into the timber and I got permission to go ahead of them ad let the settlers know they were coming. I went north of the creek on the prairie, passed them and beat them to Clay Mann's pasture gate and gave the warning, and Mr Mann and his men rounded up his horses in this pasture and penned them before the Indians got there. I was at Bill Day's ranch several times after his pasture was fenced, and I left Coleman county the first day of January, 1880, so I am sure the date Mr Jones gives is wrong."

Postmaster B. F. Sullivan of Rockwood, Texas writes: "Enclosed find money order for $1.00 for subscription to Frontier Times. If I live until September 1, 1925, I will be seventy-nine years old. I came to Texas in 1876, landing at old Camp Colorado, Coleman county, and helped to organize this country. Got acquainted with all of the old timers that were here at tha time. Some time in the future I will write you a letter telling some of my experiences. I worked for Henry Sackett fourteen years."

Frontiersman D. S. Howell, of Route 4, Abilene, Texas, writes: "I notice in your last number of Frontier Times, on page 16, the account of General Sherman visiting the frontier stations, and I do not wonder at his saying 'All good Indians are dead Indians.' I know it was through him that they were taken in charge and put on reservations. Jacksboro, Fort Belknap, Fort Phantom Hill, Camp Colorado, Buffalo Springs, Victory Peak, and Red River Station are all very familiar names to me, as was the head of Elm and Gainesville. Our regiment was made up from seven different counties in North Central Texas in 1863, and was known as the second Texas Reorganized. Townsend Brigade. All met and organized at Camp Lane on Red River, twelve miles north of Bonham, Texas. Gid Smith was our Colonel;; McLane from Dallas was lieutenant colonel. We were cavalry, and were ordered very early in the fall to Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos river. When we struck the Texas Central railroad at Navasota we were dismounted and run to Columbia by way of Houston, and took a boat and landed at the mouth of the river about 10 o'clock at night. Here we were on review for eleven days. Then we went back up the river and got our horses and did picket duty, and I was courier for twenty-one days, at General Magruder's headquarters at McNealy Plantation. We had no serious encounter, but was threatened all the while, and after five months here we were furloughed for thirty days to meet at Camp Lubbock, Hunt county, to reorganize. More anon."

Mrs. M. J. Lee of Upland, California, writes: "The old Blue Back Spelling Book came this morning. Oh; I was so tickled to get it. It was like a dear good letter from home. I am eighty-three years old and you can't realize how I do appreciate seeing my dear good old school book."

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

I wish now to record one of the best Indian fights ever fought on our northern frontier by citizens against Indians. This fight like the major part of our frontier life and battles with Indians, has never been recorded in history, but by all means ought to have been. The fight was by Rev. Pleasant Tackitt and his three young sons. Jim Tackitt, twenty-two years old, L. L. Tackitt, twenty, and George Tackitt, sixteen. Rev. Tackitt was armed with a rifle and dragoon six-shooter; Jim Tackitt had a rifle and Navy six-shooter and L. L. Tackitt had a double-barreled shot gun and Navy six shooter.

The first Indian raid into Young county after they were moved to the Indian territory was in January 1860. On the evening of January 13th one of the Tackitt's milk cows came home with an arrow sticking in her back. Mrs. Tackitt, after discovering the arrow when she went to milk, went to the house and reported the fact. It was then late in the evening. Rev. Tackitt and the three oldest boys above named made ready to start the next morning on foot to see if they could find the Indians and also learn what they had done with other stock. There had been a deep snow and sleet on the ground for a week or ten days. The Tackitts then lived on Fish Creek in Young county. Early on the morning of the 14th about sun-rise, the Rev. Tackitt and the three boys left home in pursuit of the Indians; they took the back trail of the cows and after having gone some two miles they came to where the Indians had killed one of their cows and had taken part of the flesh, evidently on top of a bluff and rugged mountain, now known as Tackitt Mountain.

The Indians had hung out some blankets and buffalo robes evidently for the purpose of inducing the Tackitts to investigate. The boys wanted to go on to the mountain and investigate, and if they had gone, more than likely they would all three have been killed. Rev. Tackitt told the boys it would not be safe to go on the mountain, that the Indians were there to deceive them and to have the advantage. Rev. Tackitt's advice was taken and the mountain was shunned and well it was, for in close touch with those robes and blankets were eleven buck Indians.

The Tackitts then rounded up a little bunch of home cattle and started towards home with them. In the meantime the Indians seeing that the Tackitts were not going to walk into the trap they had set, sneaked off of the mountain and hid themselves in a ravine near the way they knew the Tackitts must travel. The bank of the branch where the Indians were was about four feet high, which gave them fine protection and every advantage. When the cattle came to the branch where the Indians were they became frightened and shied off to one side. Rev. Tackitt called to the boys to look out, that the Indians were in the branch. Jim said it was the dog they had with them that frightened the cattle. George, the youngest of the boys, was on the side of the road nearest the Indians and he heeded Rev. Tackitt's warning and had his rifle cocked and in shooting position, when the Indians arose from the branch and began shooting their arrows There was but one of them that had a gun and fortunately George shot that one. The Indian fired his gun almost at the same time; aimed at the Rev. Tackitt and the ball went through four folds of his coat, it being buckled tight around him with his pistol belt, and being wrinkled just under the belt. The report of the guns was almost simultaneous. George fired at the Indian just a second before the Indian fired at the Rev. Tackitt and no doubt this interfered with the Indian's aim and saved Rev. Tackitt's life. In a few seconds after this event, L. L. Tackitt called to the others and said: "Let us go to the trees," there being a few post oak trees a few yards away. He and George both ran to the trees and in suddenly stopping behind the trees they both slipped on the snow and fell. Jim and Rev. Tackitt by this time were slightly wounded. The Indians seeing L. L. and George fall when they ran to the trees evidently thought they were killed and instantly dropped their bows and arrows in the branch and made a sudden rush

upon Rev. Tackitt and Jim with their butcher knives. Pine-O-Chamma, the war chief, who had been at the Camp Cooper reservation, rushed at Rev. Tackitt, whose rifle was still loaded. Rev. Tackitt took deliberate aim and when sight of the rifle reached the Indian's belt, Rev. Tackittt pulled the trigger; the gun fired; the aim was good and the Indian dropped his butcher knife and clasping his abdominal regions with both hands, turned around and jumped back into the ravine. This wounding of the chief seemed to confuse the Indians for a moment, which enabled the Tackitts to get closer together. Whenever anyone of the Tackitts would aim his gun at an Indian, this Indian would jump sideways, back and forth, to keep the aim from being good, and as one after another of the Indians would try to rush upon someone of the Tackitts with their knives, the Tackitts would change their aim from one Indian to another and in this manner kept the Indians or some of them at all times jumping from one place to another, sideways, back and forth, and several other directions. There was one Indian who seemed to have a longing for Jim Tackitt's scalp, but Jim had kept him jumping until he got leg-weary. Suddenly another Indian took the place of the weary one, and when Jim pointed his pistol at this last one, he at once began a series of jumps and gyrations and the weary one paused to watch for results. While this Indian was watching for results, L. L. Tackitt was looking for results too, and fired one barrel of his shotgun loaded with a handful of buckshot at this Indian, which struck him just above the hip and inward. The Indian tore his shirt open, placed the fingers of both hands in the wound, walked deliberately to a small patch of live oak brush some thirty steps away, where he laid down and died. In the meantime Jim shot the one who wanted his scalp in the stomach at the distance of ten feet, when he, too, struck a bee line for the live oak thicket, where he also died.

By this time the Indians became greatly discouraged at seeing none of the whites so disabled as not to be able to fight. And the Tackitts now being between the Indians and their bows and arrows the Indians fled, leaving their dead and bows and arrows on the field of battle. After they had run some distance they slackened their pace and were walking. Jim said to L. L. Tackitt: "Give me a cap and I will kill that Indian if I die in a minute," referring to an Indian who was walking leisurely up the hill. L. L. gave Jim the cap; he recapped the gun which had been uncapped by an arrow which struck Jim in the eyebrow, he being in the act of shooting when the arrow struck him which caused his gun to fail to fire. He took deliberate aim at the Indian and at the crack of the rifle, the Indian staggered and fell and did not rise. After this farewell shot, L. L. Tackitt said to the others: "Let's run and get home as quickly as possible. I fear the Indians have already been to the house and killed the family, for the Indian George shot had Emmet's gun, or one just like it." Rev. Tackitt told the boys he could not run as he was wounded in the foot and could scarcely walk. However, they hastened home as fast as Rev. Tackitt could walk. The Indians seemed to get reinforcements from somewhere and taking advantage of the lay of the ground waylayed the Tackitts again at a creek some hundred yards from their home. But Chester and Emmet, Tackitt's two young boys, who had been left at home, had turned the horses out to graze. The horses had crossed the creek and on account of Indians being in the country, the returning Tackitts tried to drive the horses back to the house and were doing so when the horses got to the creek where the Indians were concealed. They became frightened at the Indians and changed their course and the Tackitts following after them prevented another encounter with the Indians. They arrived safely at home, and Rev. Tackitt began preparations for a siege. He required the younger unwounded members to get tubs and buckets and catch water from the melting snow dripping off the house as it would not be wise to go to the creek after water, at least not that day. The Indians sneaked nearer the house to a pecan and briar thicket and there barked like dogs that had something treed, but the Tackitts knew full well that it was a different kind of a dog to the one they would venture out to see about, there being no dogs nor neighbors nearer than four miles and they across the Brazos river.

As intimated before, Jim Tackitt was struck by an arrow which struck him in the eyebrow just over the left eye and penetrated the skull a little more than an inch and a half. This spike was made out of the blade of a butcher knife. Jim was wounded in a few minutes after the fight was opened and afterwards fought at considerable disadvantage as the blood from the wound ran down his face into his eye.

After arriving at the house, Jim's wound was washed and an effort made to pull the spike out. George held his head firmly while L. L. Tackitt with a pair of shoemaker's pincers took three pulls with all his strength at the spike, but could not move it in the least. Rev. Tackitt was wounded in the foot. The arrow struck him near the little toe and ranged back toward the heel. He jerked the arrow out and did not note that the spike did not come out. The spike was made of heavy hoop iron and was very rough; it was one and three-quarter inches broad at the shank and a little more than two inches long and remained in his foot eight days before it was taken out.

In those days the frontier people did not depend much on doctors. who as a rule, were too far away. They did for themselves whatever they thought necessary to be done, so Rev. Tackitt's foot was kept poulticed until on the eighth day when the spike was discovered and pulled out by George Tackitt with a pair of bullet moulds. This wound rendered Rev. Tackitt a cripple for nearly three years. Since the spike in Jim Tackitt's forehead could not be even moved when a strong man had pulled with all his strength, the post surgeon at Belknap was sent for and came on the third day after Jim was wounded and with surgical instruments somewhat superior to shoemaker's pincers and bullet moulds made three hard pulls at the spike, but could not move it; the surgeon then announced that he could not remove the spike at all that the skull would burst before the spike would give way. This announcement by the doctor was not very encouraging to the Tackitt family and especially not very encouraging to Jim, but he was a hero and quietly submitted to the inevitable, and for several months walked around home and rode around in the neighborhood with the spike sticking in his forehead. Finally on the 22nd day of June, after Jim was wounded, at Springtown in Parker County, the spike having loosened slightly, Dr. Hill pulled it out. He looked at the spike in astonishment and said to Jim: "Man you must not have any brains." That spike remained stuck in that boy's forehead five months and eight days.

In the fight, the Indians seemed to center their fire on Rev. Tackitt, arrows shot at him cut the stock off his rifle to such an extent that he had to have it restocked. His clothes were full of holes made by the arrows, but strange to say none of them wounded him, save the one that struck his foot.

After the Tackitts had laid their supply of water and were inside the house, the Indians at times showed themselves, but kept out of shooting ditance. They surrounded the house that night and barked like dogs and hooted like owls and gobbled like turkeys.

Some of the family stood guard all night. Chester and Emmet being the youngest went on guard last at two o'clock in the morning. At about four o'clock these youn gsoldiers, one being fourteen years of age, and the other younger, headr a large cow bell rattle as if the animal wearing it had given itself a shake. Immediately thereafter the owls began to hoot on every side of the house and nearby, then the bell started traveling up the creek. The young guards listened to the bell as it moved away. The owls soon began to hoot and go in the direction that the bell was going. The young sentinels then aroused the family and announced that the Indians were gone. All then listened to the bell and the hooting of the owls until the hooting could no longer be heard, but the bell could be heard when several miles away because of the still, cold night.

On the following morning, L. L. Tackitt and George mounted two of the best horses and went across the Brazos and notified L. L. Williams, P. G. George, A. B. Medlin, the Brogdens and a few others, and told them of the events of the previous day. Several of those notified came to the Tackitt's house and all of them except the wounded went to the battle ground and found where the In-

dians fell and had bled, but they had been carried away. They found on the mountain (Tackitt Mountain) four blankets, three buffalo robes, four lariats, three bridles, a bow and arrows and several Indian trinkets. Afterwards the bones of four Indians were found, three in the liveoak thicket and another skeleton near where Jim Tackitt shot the Indian going up the hill after the fight was over.

There were eleven Indians who waylaid the Tackitts, which fact gave the savages all the advantage. They did not get out of the fight even second best. They lost five of their warriors and the Tackitts lost not a man.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.

Just at daylight I was aroused from my slumbers by the kelping and gobbling of wild turkeys. I had encamped very near a large "roost," and as I made no fire I had not disturbed them. Many of the trees in the vicinity were literally filled with them, and they were so tame I could easily have killed one with a bow and arrow if I had had them, and I determined I would try my hand at manufacturing these primitive weapons, if I could find some suitable tool to work with.

After I had reconnoitred from the edge of the timber and ascertained that there were no Mexicans in sight, I went on up the bottom three or four miles, and then struck across the prairie in the direction I had been traveling. My route was through an open prairie interspersed with "mots" or groves of timber. In one of these I stopped about noon, and broiled a piece of my pork for dinner. After resting an hour or so I continued on my way, and about sunset came to some timber bordering a small stream. I had scarcely entered this timber, which was open and free from undergrowth, when I noticed several large wolves trotting along behind me. Every now and then they set up a howl, which was answered by others in the distance, and before long numbers of them had gathered around me, attracted, I suppose, by the howling of those I had first seen, or by the smell of the fresh meat I had with me. I had no fear of an immediate attack from them, nevertheless, I hurried on as fast as I could until I came to the small stream I have mentioned, on the bank of which I pitched camp, near a large fallen tree that would afford sufficient fuel to keep a fire burning all night. I am confident if I had not had a fire that night, the wolves would have torn me to pieces; as it was, they sometimes ventured up to within a few feet of the fire, howling and snarling, and evidently inclined to make a dash at me at all hazards. It was impossible to sleep, so I took my spite out on them by throwing a fire brand amongst the crowd. This would silence them for a moment, but they would soon commence their howling again. Towards daylight they raised their siege and departed, and I got a little nap before sunrise.

To-day, while crossing another large prairie, I saw in the distance a considerable body of Mexicans or Indians, I could not tell which, who were traveling at a rapid rate,and I soon lost sight of them. In this prairie I passed many herds of deer, generally fifty to a hundred in a herd, which were so gentle they frequently permitted me to approach within a few paces of them before they noticed me at all. I also saw several droves of mustangs, which were much wilder than the deer, and invariably whenever I got within five or six-hundred yards of them they would raise their heads, gaze at me for a few moments, and then with much snorting and "cavorting" they would go off like the wind, and never slacken their speed as long as they were in sight.

Continuing my course, about sunset I came to a belt of timber bordering another small stream. On the bank of this stream there was an Indian encampment that appeared to have been occupied a day or so previously. Several

of their fires were still smoking, and from their number I supposed there were thirty or forty in the party. Around these fires was scattered a great quantity of bones mostly of deer, though the head of a mustang here and there showed that they varried their diet by an occasional feast on horse flesh.

A cold misting rain had begun to fall just before I came to this camp, and seeing it was likely to continue through the night, I took possession of a shanty built of small poles and covered with slips of bark. In this I stowed myself and baggage and made myself perfectly "at home". With a large fire in front of it and plenty of hog, but no hominy, I passed a very comfortable night, serenaded as usual by wolves.

Next morning the rain had ceased and the sun was shining brightly when I woke up. Cooking a piece of my pork, I made a hasty breakfast for fear the owner of the shanty might return and ask me to pay for my night's lodging, and again started on my journey.

During the day I saw several "signal smokes,", made I suppose by Indians, but they were a long way off. These signal smokes are curious things. Often when traveling over the plains of Western Texas, I have seen a column of smoke rise perpendicularly into the air (no matter how strong the breeze might be blowing, to a great height, when it would spread out at the top like an umbrella, and after remaining stationery for a moment, "puff" it would suddenly disappear, to be answered perhaps by another, twenty or thirty miles away. They are no doubt intended for signals to warn others of the proximity of foes, and to indicate their own position. I have asked many old frontiersman how it was the Indians made smokes, but none of them could ever explain the matter satisfactorily to me. I have occasionally seen four or five of these signal smokes rising up in various directions at the same time.

To-day, for the first time, I saw what I know now was a tarantula, a very large and exceedingly venomous spider, that haunts the dry and elevated prairies of Western Texas. They are not often seen in the timbered lands or in the immediate vicinity of settlements. The body of a full grown one is as large as a hen's egg, and is covered with scattering hairs or bristles. They have two curved fangs protruding from the mouth, about as long and very similar in appearance to those of a rattlesnake. When provoked they are very pugnacious, rising upon their hind legs and springing towards the assailant five or six inches at a time in successive leaps. The Mexicans say their bite is certain death, and one can readily credit the assertion after seeing them.

I made but little if any progress to-day, for not long, after I had started it clouded up and commenced misting again, and I found I was traveling in the direction directly opposite the one I should have pursued.

It was too late to take the prairie again, and I picked out a suitable place for camp, started a fire and cooked some of my pork for supper, which for want of salt was getting to be rather too much tainted to suit the taste of anyone but a Frenchman. During the night the wolves favored me with another concert of howlings, but they were much less impudent than upon a former occasion, and did not approach near enough to enable me to salute them with fire brands.

In the morning I rose betimes, and unpacking all the pork I had left, I spitted it on sticks stuck up before a blazing fire. I thought by roasting it in this way to keep it from spoiling entirely. The clouds had blown off and the sun shown out warm and pleasant, and having eaten some of my roasted pork which had decidedly too much of the "gout," I started out again across the open prairie. This time I made the trip without difficulty, and about mid-day I came to a small stream which I afterward learned was called the Tres Palacios or Three Palaces. How it acquired the name I cannot say, but I am sure I saw no palaces in its vicinity. Where I crossed it, I noticed a few small cedar trees growing near the bank, and I determined to cut one of them down and make a bow. This was no small job, as you may suppose, considering I had nothing to cut it with except a small piece of the blade of a drawing knike—the same I had found at the house where I killed the hog, and which I had carried in my knapsack ever since. By the time I cut the sapling down, I was both tired

and hungry, so I knocked off work to rest awhile and cook some pork. I then resumed my task, and chopping off about six feet from the butt end of the sapling I split it into four pieces with a wooden wedge and maul. From these I selected the one that was freest from knots and other defects, out of which, by patience and preservance and with the aid of my piece of drawing knife I manufactured a very good bow. Arrows I knew I could easily get anywhere in the bottoms among the thickets of swamp dog wood or young cane. By the time my bow was finished night came on, and I pitched my camp near the creek in a little open space completely surrounded by a thick growth of underwood. Here I built my fire, warmed over some of my roasted pork, and after supper "turned in" to a bed of Spanish moss which I had gathered from a tree near by.

The next morning I gave the finishing touches to my bow and then for the first time it occurred to me that I had nothing that would answer for a string. I tried to make one of the bark of several shrubs, and of the leaves of bear grass, but although I taxed my ingenuity to the utmost, I failed to make a cord strong enough for the bow, and I had to at last abandon the attempt altogether.

The day was so far gone when I had finished my unsuccessful attempt at cord making, that I thought it best to remain where I was for the night and make a fresh start in the morning. It must have been twelve or one o'clock, when something awoke me, and finding that my fire had pretty well gone out, I was just in the act of getting up to throw some sticks on it, when I heard the stealthy but heavy tread of some large animal near by I laid still and listened attentively, and was convinced that there was some heavy animal cautiously approaching the spot where I was lying. Just then fortunately probably for me, a chunk rolled off a log I had placed behind the fire, and blazed up brightly. By the light thus made, I saw distinctly either a large panther or Mexican lion, not twenty feet distant, crouching down as if about to spring upon me. I instantly, jumped and seizing my "bed clothes" (the dry Spanish moss I had gathered) I threw it on the fire and it blazed up at once as high as my head. This must have frightened the animal, whatever it was, for when I turned to look it was gone. Possibly it did not intend to attack me, but the way in which it had approached me, was to say the least of it very suspicious. The loss of my "bed clothes" did not discommode me much, as I sat up the balance of the night to keep my fire supplied with fresh fuel, although the night was quite warm.

As soon as the sun rose I made haste to leave the locality where I had passed such an unpleasant night. Late in the evening I came to an extensive body of timber, in which I supposed I would find a considerable stream. On the edge of this timber I saw a house, and by this time what remained of the pork was so strong of the "gout" that I don't think even a Frenchman would have relished it, I determined to go to the house and search for some thing to eat. I entered the woods some distance below it, and kept under cover unitl I was near enough to see there was no one about, when I ventured up. On entering I soon saw that it had been ransacked by the Mexicans, who had consumed or taken away whatever there might have been in it, in the way of eatables. In the vicinity, however, as I was leaving, I came across a half-grown hog, which evidently had very recently been shot by some one, who had taken only a small part of it, and I appropriated as much of what was left as I could conveniently carry. As the sun was about setting, I went some distance into the timber, so that the light from my fire would not be visible to any one passing along the prairie, where I "bivouacked" for the night at the foot of a tree.

By sunrise I was up and on my way again, crossing in a mile or so a considerable creek. To-day I passed over a country mostly prairie, but interspersed here and there with groves of live oaks, hackberry, etc., which gave it a park like appearance. In one of these groves, thickly settled with underbrush, I stopped to rest, and was just in the act of leaving it when I heard the tramp of horses' hoofs and the jangling of spurs and other accountrements. Looking through the bushes I saw about twenty Indians slowly jogging along in single file upon their horses. They had no guns and were armed only with bows and lances. They rode within thirty paces of where I was lying—low, but, did not

halt, and in a few moments they were hid from my view by another grove. I remained where I was half an hour longer than I would have done otherwise in order to give these Indians full time to get out of my way, and then proceed on my course. A little before sunset I came to a clear running creek, on the farther side of which I encamped. (At that time, all the creeks and small water courses, and even the ponds in Western Texas were clear and pure, but now many of them have lost their character to a greater or less extent, owing to the cultivation of adjacent lands and the tramping of stock.)

I had made my camp below some low spreading live oaks, which appeared to be a favorite roosting place for wild turkeys. Just at dusk they came flocking into them from every direction, and they were so unused to being hunted I could have easily killed one with a pocket pistol—but as I didn't have the pistol I had to content myself with roast pork instead of roast turkey.

I had noticed before dark that a very extensive prairie lay to the north and east, and I was up and on my way the next morning before daylight, in order that I might reach the timber on the opposite side as speedily as possible. I ran but little risk comparatively when traveling in timber,, but on the open prairie I was in constant danger of being picked up by parties of Mexicans or Indians. I pushed on as fast as I could until noon, when I stopped to rest in a grove near a small lagoon that seemed to be well stocked with fish, for I saw numbers of bass and perch swimming iin the shallow water near shore. On the margin of this lake I found some wild onions growing, which I dug up and ate raw, and which were a great treat to me, as I had not had anything in the vegetable line, of fresh and green, for a long time.

In the evening I continued on my way across the prairie. On the farther side I could see a long line of unbroken timber, and I had gone but a little way in it when I saw a large river before me, which I knew must be the Colorado. The river was very high and rapid, and I thought it best to encamp for the night and wait until morning before I attempted to swim it. Where I struck it, it was about two hundred yards wide and much swollen by recent heavy rains, and although I was a good swimmer, I felt some hesitation the next morning in "taking water." However, I looked around and found a suitable piece of dead timber, to which I tied my boots and clothes, and launched forth with it on the turbulent stream, pushing it before me as I swam. Finally I made a landing safely on the north bank of the river, but was carried by the strength of the current a considerable distance below the point where I had entered the water.

After resting myself a while and drying my clothes, I took up the line of march again through a heavily timbered bottom about a mile and a half wide, from which I at length emerged into the open prairie. Without halting I continued on my course until late in the evening, when I came to the timber on old Caney Creek. Along this creek, which apparently in times gone by was the bed of the Colorado river, from its head to its mouth, a distance of sixty or seventy miles, there was a continuous cane brake. Where I struck the timber on old Caney, there had been a considerable settlement, as some four or five houses were in sight, but on examination, I found that all of them had been plundered by Mexicans, who had taken everything of any value left on the premises. At one of these houses whilst searching the rooms to see if anything in the way of provisions had been overlooked by the Mexicans, I heard a hen "squawking" as if some "varmint" was in pursuit of her. I stepped to the door to look out, and saw a hen racing around the yard and a very large wild cat following her closely. Having seen nothing eatable anywhere, except this hen, I determined to put in a "bid" for her myself, and picking up a billet of wood, I stepped a few paces of where he stood humping his back and showing his teeth, and threw the stick I had in my hand at his head. I missed my aim, but struck him a severe blow on the side, and instantly he gave a fierce scream and sprang furiously toward me. I retreated precipitately and ingloriously for the house, which I reached just in time to reach the door and slam it to in the face of the infuriated cat. If I had a few feet further to go, he would have nabbed me to a certainty. The cat stopped some time in front of the door, as if he intended to besiege me in the house,

or was bantering me to come out and give him a fair fight, which, under the circumstances, I decided doing, but after awhile he went off leisurely towards the woods and I saw him no more. In the meantime the bone of "contention", the hen, had gone to roost in a tree near by. She undoubtedly owed her life to me, but for a little while, for after dark I climbed up to her roost, grabbed her by the leg, and wrung her neck. With my prize, I retreated as speedily as possible to the house, for fear the wild cat might return and assert his claim to it again, and as I had no weapon I was very sure he would get the better of the contest and the hen too.

I remained all night at this house and after breakfasting on the hen I had saved from the wild cat, I started off down the bottom to reconnoitre the country in that direction. When I had gone a mile or two I came to a small prairie connected with the main one by a very narrow neck and surrounded everywhere else by thick woods and cane brakes. This I concluded to explore, and after proceeding some distance in it, I saw there was a house at the farther end. When I had approached within a hundred yards of the house, a half a dozen dogs came running out of it, seemingly with the intention of tearing me to pieces. I picked up a stick to defend myself, but when the dogs got near enough to see that I was an American, instead of attacking me they began to leap and jump around me as dogs do when they see their masters after a long absence. How they found out so quickly I was an American, I do not know, for exposure to sun and wind had tanned my complection, until it was as dark as that of a Mexican or Indian. With my escort of dogs I went to the house, and entering it, saw at once that the Mexicans had never been there, for everything remained, evidently, just as it had been left by the occupants—furniture untouched, cases filled with books and articles of wearing apparel, cribs with corn and smoke hous containing at least a thousand pounds of bacon. In a kind of shed room I also found a barrel of brown sugar and half a sack of coffee, and in the crib, besides corn a quantity of potatoes and pumpkins There was a great many chickens and ducks in the yard, which no doubt, had been protected from "varmints" by the pack of dogs that still continued to escort me about the premises. In the smoke house as I have said, there was a large quantity of bacon, and the first thing I did was to take a "middling" and cut it up for the dogs. I then built a fire in one of the chimneys and in a little while had cooked for myself a first rate dinner together with a cup of coffee, the first I had had since leaving Goliad. After dinner I turned into one of the beds in the house and had a comfortable snooze.

When I awoke I got up and continued my investigations. In a back room I found quite a library, a rare thing at that time in Texas. I found also many articles of clothing in a closet, some of which fitted me tolerably well, and from which without any fear of being arrested for "petit larceny," I replenished my scanty wardrobe. Among other things I found in this house—something I wished for exceedingly—was a gun, but unfortunately it was without a lock, and consequently useless. Not far from the main building there was a row of log cabins, that evidently had served as negro "quarters" which induced me to believe that the place belonged to some well to do cotton planter.

As I had been much weaken by starvation and fatigue and the exposure I had undergone in my route through the wilderness, I concluded I would "stop over" a day or two at this house and recuperate my strength a little before I set out on my journey again. There were beds in several of the rooms, in one of which I slept at night, while my pack of dogs kept watch outside. These dogs were not mongrels or "curs of low degree," neither were they of the "suck egg" breed, as was evident from the fact that although they were in a starving condition when I came, and that the chickens had laid their eggs almost everywhere in the house and yard, not one had been touched by them—for which I was thankful, being particularly fond of eggs myself.

(Continued Next Month.)

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